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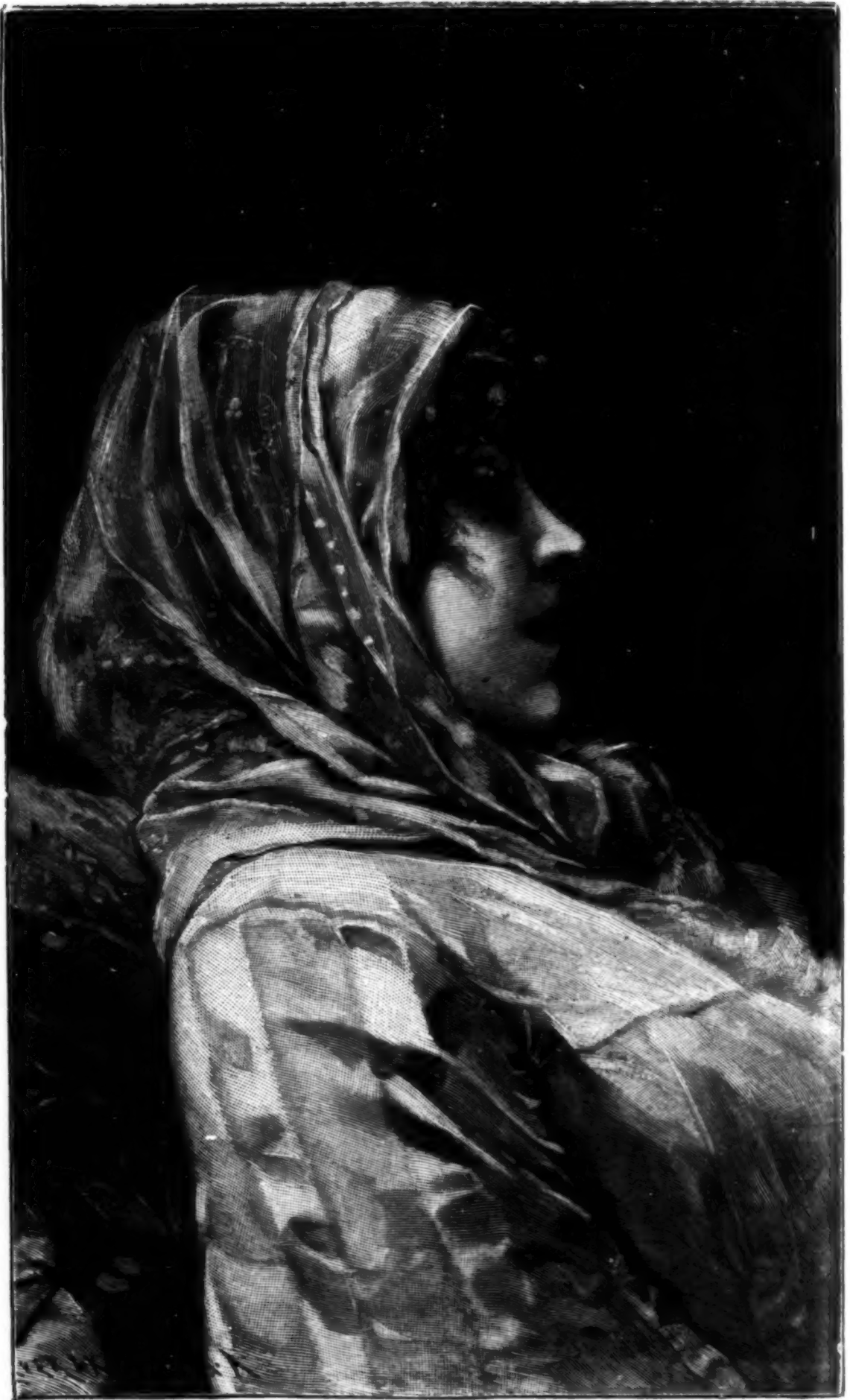
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"CONVALESCENT"

*From Photo by DR. E. ALBERT & Co.*



# Mr. Harry Nicholls at Home

BY MARIE A. BEATTY-KINGSTON (MRS. ARTHUR DOWDEN).

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS.



EVERYBODY is, I think, acquainted with Mr. Harry Nicholls' personality. His bright, quick manner, together with his genial voice and presence, have won him hosts of friends, both on and off the stage. In proof of this one has only to look back upon a year or two ago, at the time when the sprightly actor lay dangerously near death, and to remember how eagerly the public inquired for news of the patient, not only at his home, but also at the theatre, in order to realise the greatness of his popularity.

His home, which is an ideal one in every respect, is situate in Bedford Park. Rupert Cottage is a picturesque little building with a red-gabled roof, built after the style of Queen Anne, nestling cosily among chestnut and silver birch trees. When I visited him some days ago, I found the trees in his garden clad in their new autumnal tints and looking lovely. It occurred to me that an actor does wisely in selecting his home far away from the dingy London atmosphere, at a spot where fresh air and glimpses of "fields and pastures green" are ever present.

The interior of the cottage is snug, and charmingly furnished. The windows are latticed, and the bright, airy rooms bear traces of much artistic taste and originality. A quantity of interesting autographic photographs and pictures grace the walls; pretty souvenirs and knick-knacks predominate. The study is upstairs, and although, as Harry Nicholls owns, apologetically, "It is not exactly what you would call a tidy

room," with its MSS., pamphlets, and stray papers here, there, and everywhere, it has its look of comfort and utility. There are also plenty of books here, indicating the actor's fervent love of reading.

If the art of making others at ease consists in being at ease oneself, I may safely attribute this virtue to Harry Nicholls. As soon as he enters the room one's inspection of his curios and pictures ceases, and one begins to recall some of his inimitable impersonations, over which one has roared from time to time.

Who can forget "The Babes in the Wood," with Harry Nicholls as "Sissy," and Herbert Campbell as "Bert"! Smart Miss Florence Dysart played the part of the children's nursery governess, and there was the scene which convulsed Drury Lane when she appeared with a huge sponge and powder-puff, and Harry Nicholls, playing the part of a nasty spoilt child to perfection, screamed in a peevish voice, "I'm not going to be washed all over! Friday's my night." Then again, no one can have failed to laugh at his presentation of the "Queen," in "Puss in Boots," one of his drollest creations. As a rule a man in petticoats on the stage is a bore, and often an offensive spectacle. Not so the Queen of Harry Nicholls, which was as genuinely funny as the "Widow Twankey," or the "Mrs. Melnotte" of the late James Rogers of immortal memory. It was a realistic type of the "put upon," brow-beaten, but constantly nagging and fearfully irritating woman which one has had the misfortune to meet with. Funny as it was, there was not a trace of vulgarity in his performance, and from beginning to end nothing suggestive or likely to be

resented by the public. It was played by a real comedian, who had no need to fall back upon paltry devices, which, perhaps, a less competent actor than he might have felt induced to do. The "Queen," as a piece of character-acting, may be described as having been one of London's greatest triumphs. Harry Nicholls was born in 1852, and received his education at the City of London School.

"I was placed in an auctioneer's office when I left school," he will tell

capacity, playing in every line of business—heavy, low, leading gentleman or otherwise—my heart, the while, being set on becoming a successful low comedian. On the first occasion upon which I played a low comedy part, by the way, my audience was rather thin—it consisted of two people!"

"But your first big success?"

"Oh, that was at the Surrey Theatre, under the management of William Holland, as 'Michael Feeney,' in 'Arrah-na-Pogue.' Then I was with George



MR. HARRY NICHOLLS IN HIS STUDY

you, "but I soon dropped the hammer and took up the mask, and in my eighteenth year I was already on the stage. My first appearance was at the Theatre Royal, Windsor, in 1870."

"I suppose you had the usual 'ups and downs,' Mr. Nicholls?" suggests the interviewer.

"Yes, I suppose I had," answers Harry Nicholls, meditatively puffing away at his cigar. "At any rate I determined not to be beaten, and I acted, at some time or other, in every

Conquest at the Grecian Theatre for four years, where I played various parts. After that my first West End engagement was fulfilled at the Folly Theatre, under the direction of the once famous Selina Dolaro. From the Folly I went back to the Surrey, and thence to Drury Lane."

"There is a strange fallacy current," I presently remarked, "about your having, at one time or other, been a music-hall artist. There is absolutely no foundation for this, is there?"

"None whatever," rejoined my host with some alacrity. "Of course, I have sung in music-halls for benefits, but have always given something previously performed in the theatre. But many people are under the impression that I was on the music-hall stage ere I became known as a low comedian, and their convictions are hard to shake."

"The popularity of the music-halls of late years has developed uncommonly quickly. In these times a music-hall artist who abandons the hall and takes to the stage will fetch a far greater salary than the man who has had no hall experience. On the other hand, I remember that at the time when I was playing one of the witches in 'Macbeth,' the question of my having been a music-hall artist came under discussion, and I was obliged to prove at once that this had never been the case, or it would certainly have adversely affected my position. No; please understand that I never was a music-hall artist, although I have a great many friends in that particular branch of the profession. Herbert Campbell, first and foremost, with whom most of my pantomime successes are connected, and James Fawn, too, who was the actual means of my becoming second low comedian at the Surrey, when he held the position of first at the same theatre. Then there was poor Harry Jackson, to whom I owe much for his kind assistance, and whose death will always be green in my memory."

"What was your first big score at Drury Lane?"

"'Tom Gardham, the Convict,' in 'Youth,' in which piece, by the way, Augustus Harris himself played. My second success was as 'Horatio Spofkins' in 'Human Nature'; 'Charley Sandown,' in a 'Run of Luck,' then followed, and after that, 'Dick Doddipods, the Undergraduate,' in 'Pleasure,' and many more."

"You have been fortunate in your associations too, for I recollect how delightfully Miss Fanny Brough played the part of 'Patty Woodruffe' to your impersonation of 'Walk-in-the-way Dear-love,' in 'The Royal Oak,' and later, your admirable joint picture in 'A

Sailor's Knot,' of 'Margery Briarwood' and 'Joe Strawbones.' Now please tell me something about your future. I hope you have not given up acting in pantomimes since you took to writing comic songs?"

"I am not sure. The pantomime of the past was very different to the pantomime of the present. It has become too much of a variety show to please me, and I am rather out of conceit with the up-to-date performances. If we go back to the legitimate pantomime of twenty years ago, I shall probably return to it."

"Have you written any more plays since your collaboration with Lestocq, when you wrote 'Jane'? Of course, I don't include your various work in conjunction with the late Sir Augustus Harris."

"Well, I am now engaged on a more serious piece than 'Jane,' but am not sufficiently far advanced to let you have any particulars. Talking of 'Jane,' I had a curious experience in connection with play writing. You must know that immediately prior to my severe illness I had thought out the plot of a three-act farce; had given it a name, and was just preparing to put it together when I was obliged to take to my bed. The MSS. was carefully laid aside, and I did not look at it again until weeks afterwards. On my recovery I began to think about the farce I had roughly outlined, and decided one evening to take it in hand again the following morning. That night a friend of mine came round to see me, and, while giving me the theatrical news of the day, began to describe the piece Weedon Grossmith was then about to produce at the Vaudeville. My expression of countenance must have been comic as he proceeded, not only to give me the plot I had thought out, but the very name I had destined for my farce! Horrified at the coincidence I fled up to my room, and soon returned with the *scenario* I had roughly sketched out. Yes, although I had never breathed a word about my idea to any one, another author had also conceived the almost identical plot, and the 'New Boy' proved to be a great success, as you will remember. That really was a remarkable incident, and, I



THE DRAWING ROOM

confess, a blow to me, for I had been rather pleased with the idea."

Mr. Harry Nicholls has not travelled extensively, but a trip to Ceylon after his illness is greatly answerable for his subsequent convalescence. He says he just had time to visit Gibraltar and Naples cursorily on the outward journey, then proceeding to Colombo. Life was very enjoyable on board ship, and sometimes Mr. Nicholls' fellow-passengers afforded him much food for amusement by reason of their unconscious humour.

On one occasion the captain asked him to officiate at the harmonium for the Sunday morning service. Harry Nicholls consented, and then proceeded to select some suitable hymns for the occasion, among others, "For those in peril on the sea."

Hardly had he given out the latter when a nervous old gentleman suggested that he had better change the hymn, as he (the old man) felt sure that the captain and crew would take it as a *direct slur upon their capabilities if it were sung!*

Touching upon the subject of audiences, later, Mr. Nicholls says that, in order to be funny and create laughter, one requires the sympathy of laughter. That is why no comedian can quite do himself justice at rehearsals.

"When first I went on the stage, I felt my strong suit was comedy; but I had trouble in getting my managers to believe me. I found it impossible to be funny at rehearsal, for I wanted the co-operation of the public. So, of course, I had to wade through the usual tedious course until I found my element, and was able to stop in it."

"I suppose your audiences vary tremendously?"

"Yes. I have never found greater enthusiasm, or more warm and quick appreciation, than at Drury Lane. At the Adelphi the house is quite as demonstrative, but the audience is far more provincial, and consequently harder to approach. There is nothing like the true Londoner for appreciation, and for sharpness in seizing upon a joke. Nothing escapes him, and he is with you, heart and soul, all the time."



Presently I referred to poor William Terriss, whose photograph, taken with his wife (who died only a few months after her ill-fated husband), occupies a conspicuous place in Harry Nicholls' room. Will Terriss and Harry Nicholls were great friends; they lived within a stone's throw of one another.

"It would be impossible to tell you what a fearful effect that tragedy had on us all at the theatre," said my host earnestly. "For weeks afterwards we could not without difficulty pull ourselves together to fulfil our parts. Poor old Bill! We all liked him. I didn't know he had an enemy in the world, for

he was kind and genial to every one, and to have seen him struck down brutally in our midst was too awful. If ever man had a presentiment that he was to die suddenly, that man was Terriss. Only two nights before the murder he was joking on the subject, as was his wont. We shall never fill the gap that his death has made; he can never be replaced."

"I often wonder whether the public gives a thought to the fact that we comedians are often making them scream with laughter, when beneath that mask of fun we are nursing a piteous heartache? I remember some



MR. AND MRS. HARRY NICHOLLS AND DAUGHTERS



years back I spent the day from eleven in the morning to seven o'clock at night with Charles Warner in trying to save the life of a dear mutual friend. The doctor had warned us that the only way to keep him alive was to prevent his sleeping, and although he was visibly dozing off every minute, we had to punch and shake the poor chap until our arms ached in our efforts to keep him awake. Just as we had to leave him, and other friends had arrived to take our places, he died in my arms. We had to go straight to the theatre, and I, of course, had to be particularly funny. Need I say more? You can imagine what my feelings were better than I can describe them."

At this juncture Mrs. Nicholls, a charming little lady, entered the room with all sorts of delicacies for the tongue-tired interviewer. She is a sister of the late lamented and brilliant Henry Pettitt, dramatist, and has the same vivacious and taking personality that characterised her brother. Her two young daughters were also presented to me, and they bear a striking resemblance to their parents.

A good story, illustrating the old adage that a prophet is not honoured in his own country, and that "*On n'est jamais trahi que par les siens*," was told me about the elder girl. It occurred one evening in the provinces, and a pantomime was being performed, in which, to use my host's own words, "fun was not to the fore; in fact, it was a deadly dull show." Mrs. Nicholls occupied a box in the theatre with her children, who

were keenly on the alert for something to laugh at. That "something" was a long time coming, in fact the pantomime was all but over, and Harry Nicholls had tried hard to make the people smile. The little girl grew impatient, and turning to Mrs. Nicholls in despair, said, "Oh! mother, when is father going to be funny?"

I had taken my leave of my hospitable host and hostess and was surveying some interesting photos in the hall. One particularly took my eye. It was that of the great actress Ristori, bearing an inscription and autograph. "That's valuable," I remarked, to which Harry Nicholls rejoined, "Rather! Why, I value it beyond everything. On one occasion, many years ago, I had been slated in the newspapers for my performance of 'Davison' in 'Elizabeth.' Ristori, however, disagreed with the verdict, and addressed me on the stage one night, telling me I was the very best 'Davison' she had ever had in the part. She afterwards wrote me a charming letter, warmly complimenting me on my conception of the rôle, and asking me to accept her photograph in recognition of the same."

Never was a favourite of the public less spoilt by success. Simple and genial by nature, absolutely unaffected and full of amusing chat, Harry Nicholls (who *entre autres* is Immediate Past Master of the Savage Club Lodge) will always go on striving to please, and is a man who can safely be trusted to retain his position as a faithful and conscientious servant of the public.



# *The Cricket Season of 1898*

WRITTEN BY E. ANTHONY.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE season of 1898, now, alas! a relic of the past, will go down to posterity as the "Year of Grace." In June the jubilee of the greatest cricketer of all time was celebrated, and how happily commemorated may be considered before I go any further.

Nothing could have been finer than the finish of the Gentlemen *v.* Players' match on the occasion, unless Kortright had kept up his end during that last eventful over, and the match been drawn. In any case the Essex fast bowler covered himself with glory, and successfully aided and abetted "W. G." to put a fitting finish to a match which will stand out as a landmark in the history of the game. The Champion celebrated his jubilee in his own sweet way, scoring, during the week, 43, 31 not out, 168, and 38 not out, and winding up on the Saturday by bringing his aggregate of runs for the season to 1,000, a distinction until then only gained by Tyldesley, F. S. Jackson and Abel. His average, at the close of the week, fell only a run short of 50. Harking back for one moment to the commencement of the season, I should like to draw the reader's attention to the peculiar fitness of things which admitted of the Gloucestershire captain scoring the first run in this "Year of Grace," 1898, and of his topping the score in the season's opening fixture. Again, early in August, his 93, not out, against Sussex, enabled him to claim what may be regarded as quite one of the most remarkable of all his records, for, thanks to the innings referred to, the Champion has now completed every possible score from the magic three figures downwards.

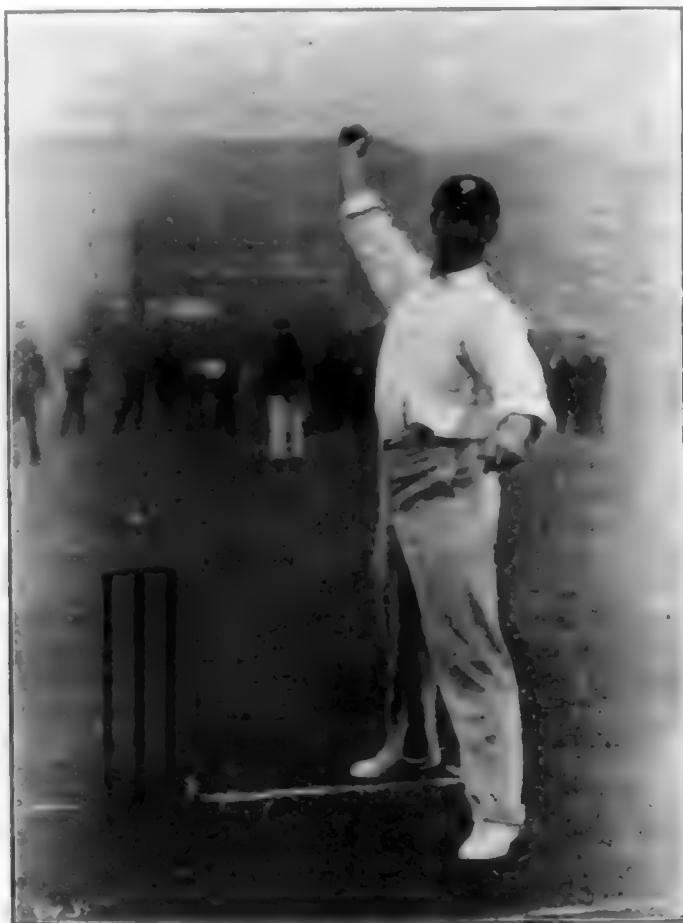
For the consumption of enthusiasts, there has been only home-made cricket during the past season—rather a welcome change than not. A visit from the Australians, coming every two or three seasons, works for the good of English cricket, and, like a certain cocoa I could name, its properties are doubtless invigorating, and—providing our countrymen win—highly comforting. But, at present, little importance attaches to the incursions of the Philadelphians and South Africans, for county cricket has grown to such dimensions that a season dominated by the County Championship does not lose its hold on public attention; it merely tends to concentrate the interests of the summer game into a narrower channel.

A sorry outlook was afforded by the weather during the opening weeks of the season. Jupiter Pluvius was on his worst behaviour. Pessimists prognosticated all kinds of awful things to the poor onlookers who stood shivering in the blinding rains of that wintry May, awaiting patiently for the cricket which would not come. Fortunately these ugly anticipations were to fall far wide of the mark, and a long spell of lovely weather left us wishing that the season could have been extended another fortnight or three weeks.

The month of May saw but little progress made, Yorkshire alone seeming able to make any headway. In racing phraseology, the Northerners got off with a flying start, and established a long lead before the others got into their stride. The County Championship was won on the wet wickets which were so plentiful early in the season. Only fifteen matches were brought to a definite conclusion by the 15th of June,

yet the White Rose could show a record of six victories. Five further successes came their way before Kent treated them to the inevitable fall, a feat Surrey and Middlesex emulated in the first fortnight of August. Then followed brilliant victories over Derbyshire and Sussex, and Yorkshire had won the County Championship of 1898. An eleven which embraced such bowlers as F. S. Jackson, Wainwright, Rhodes,

force the closure. And this reminds me that only a week later the Yorkshire captain and Hunter put on 138 runs for the last wicket, a performance which made it still more evident that even the tail of the "Tykes" had mastered the rudiments of "wagging." However, all partnerships pale into insignificance before Brown and Tunncliffe's record, at Chesterfield, of 554 runs for the first wicket. Such an achievement, I hope,



F. S. JACKSON

*From Photo by E. HAWKINS & Co., Brighton*

Haigh, and Hirst, could generally be relied upon to get the other side out for something within reason. Occasionally they carried all before them, as witness Surrey's miserable total of 37 at Bradford, and Hampshire and Somersetshire's still more insignificant ventures. As to the collapse of the Surrey men, it was most unexpected, for previously Haigh and Hirst had added 192 runs for Yorkshire's ninth wicket, when Lord Hawke put in

in the interests of cricket, may never be surpassed, a sentiment I am sure will be shared by the Derbyshire eleven, one of the parties to the record.

Lord Hawke has always set his men an excellent example, and has met with good backing from F. S. Jackson, whose record of 1,000 runs and 100 wickets, when you take his figures into consideration, constitutes the finest all-round record of the season for amateur or pro-

fessional. Reference must also be made to Yorkshire's great piece of good fortune. I allude to the unearthing of that most promising young bowler, Rhodes. A slow to medium pace left-hand bowler, Rhodes has shot into fame like a bolt from the blue, and I shall eagerly follow his movements next season, when he may prove a trump card to play against the Australians. At least let us hope so, and in the meantime congratulate the young Yorkshireman on the

ing, to say the least of it. That subsequently the metropolitan county should not have lost a single game is eloquent of their grit and prowess. That injury to Trott's right hand was cruel luck, whilst it is more than a pity that several of the most useful members of the eleven were only available throughout August. J. Douglas and F. H. E. Cunliffe, in particular, made their presence felt on their inclusion in the team, the former as a great batsman and the latter as a



J. T. HEARNE

*From Photo by E. HAWKINS & Co., Brighton*

marvellous success which has attended his efforts during his first season in first-class cricket. If I recollect rightly, he led off in county cricket by dismissing thirteen Somersetshire batsmen for 45 runs.

If ever county deserved the honour pertaining to the unthankful rôle of runners-up, that county is Middlesex. To start the campaign with three losses and nothing to show for it, is discourag-

valuable addition to the attack, whilst two more brilliant fieldsmen than they it would be difficult to find. Now that Jack Hearne has the Anglo-Australian to share his labours, the great bowling strength of the county makes itself felt, with the result that matches are won which in the old days would have been drawn or even lost. Nor is it the least important point that Hearne, who has long since shown himself to be a

terror for work, is oftener enabled to have an "easy." For several years the popular Middlesex bowler has been considered the most deadly in England, and his figures for this season of batsmen's wickets and heavy scoring have seldom been equalled. In a bowler's year 222 wickets take a lot of getting, yet the extent of Hearne's exploits can only be fully appreciated when it is borne in mind that he has also finished at the top of the first-class bowling averages, a position he most thoroughly deserves. Trott, too, since his recovery, has bowled uncommonly well, and on a crumbling wicket has no superior in England. The two men have brought off some great things, notably the dismissal of Yorkshire for 45, and the hardly-earned victory they gained over Surrey and the clock at Lord's. Of course, A. E. Stoddart and F. J. G. Ford's batting has played a prominent part in their club's sudden advance. Everyone would have been disappointed had this not been so.

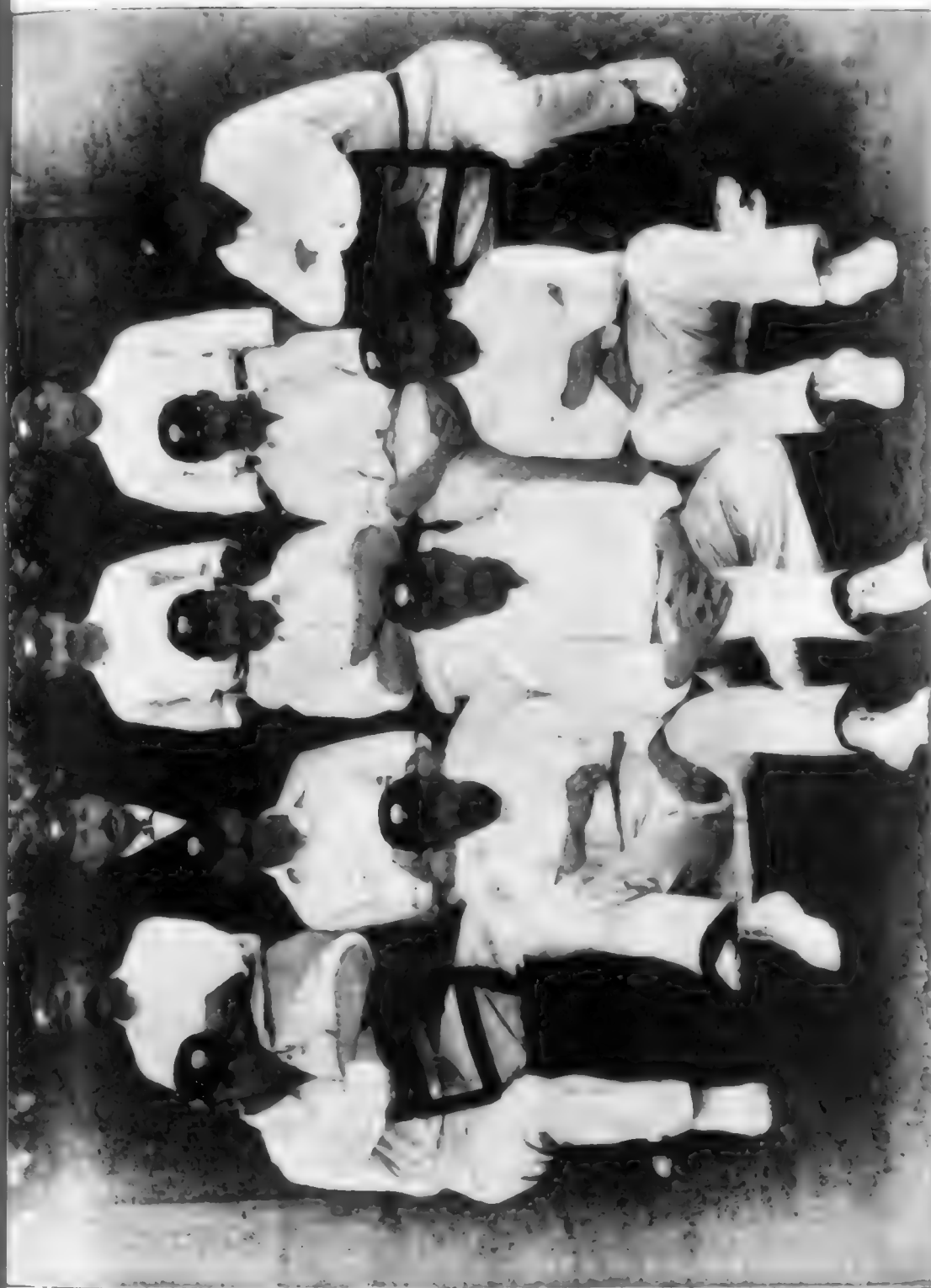
The forward position Gloucestershire fills is matter for congratulation, though many would have liked to have seen the Westerners carry off the Championship this season of all others. There are, however, plenty of grounds for satisfaction. W. G. Grace has an average of 42·02, and his individual exertions have pulled his county through more than once. What a magnificent performance was that of the Old Man's against Essex at Leyton, when he scored 126 and 49, and took seven wickets in the home county's first innings. Has there been anything to equal it this season? It seems superfluous to say that he carries his fifty years wonderfully lightly, and assuredly no representative England XI. is complete unless he leads them into the field. If proof were needed, here it is. Taking the averages of the leading batsmen who have played first-class cricket during the last six years, Grace stands at the top. In fact, his average alone exceeds 40. Such batsmen as Gunn, Shrewsbury, Abel, Stoddart, and Jackson have to be contented to follow him. Some foolish people look for so much from Grace that unless he makes his 1,000 runs in May, or subscribes ten centuries in the season, or has an average of over 70, they at once cry out that his

cricketing days are over. We, who understand averages, know better than that.

Born and bred in the county of the Graces, young Townsend is a chip of the old block. His batting in the first half of the season, when his great patience kept his naturally free style under control, was of a very high order, and he contributed 159, 51, 139, and 122 in four successive efforts. As was only to be expected, his deliveries met with little success at this time, his big scores probably taking a good deal out of him. On the advent of August, however, Townsend within a fortnight secured no less than fifty-five wickets, which unparalleled performance conferred on him the distinction of being the first this season to accomplish the double feat of registering 1,000 runs and securing 100 wickets. The inclusion of W. Troup and C. O. H. Sewell has considerably strengthened the batting of the side, and made up in some measure for the disappointment consequent on the partial failure of G. L. Jessop to smack all sorts and conditions of bowling to the boundary. The reason is not far to seek, as the Gloucestershire hitter has not enjoyed the best of health, though the air of Hastings seemed to agree with him, and his sensational century there promises better things.

For many years Surrey have been such a power in the land—and are still for the matter of that—that their season's results cannot be said to have fulfilled expectations. Richardson and Hayward's visit to Australia has had, in a sort of way, the same effect on them as turning night into day, and the Surrey attack has had to pay the penalty. Lockwood's welcome return to form has saved the situation more than once, though I think Lees might have been utilised oftener, seeing how well he performed last year. To give the Surrey men their due, it must be admitted that in some respects they have not experienced the best of luck. In May their fixtures with Derbyshire and Warwickshire, two of the weakest counties in the competition, had actually to be abandoned without a ball being bowled, and it requires no great stretch of the imagination to regard Surrey as having





HUNTER  
 E. SMITH  
 HIRST  
 T. W. MILDEN  
 DENTON  
 G. E. WILSON  
 FORD HAWK  
 HAIGH  
 BRIDGES  
 T. S. JACKSON  
 BROWN  
 TUNNICLIFFE  
 From Photo by E. HAWKINS & Co., Brighton

had all the worst of so profitless a deal. On the other hand, Key's good fortune with the toss in the last half-dozen home fixtures was phenomenal, and the batting of the side has often reached a high standard. Abel, for the fourth season in succession, scored over 2,000 runs in first-class cricket, and with Brockwell's aid laid the foundation of many a big innings. Indeed, the little Surrey man has played crisp, bright cricket, a great advance on his old methods. "Lobster" Jephson has thoroughly earned his place in the team as a careful batsman and invaluable change bowler, whilst Hayward's great innings of 315 not out, against Lancashire, afforded him a welcome leg up. The bowling of Richardson and Lockwood, in the return with Yorkshire, must also be numbered amongst the finest performances of the season, as on a simply perfect wicket the Yorkshiremen were sent to the rightabout for 78 and 186 respectively. The real secret of Surrey's comparative failure may be traced to the fact that a bad wicket has usually proved one too many for them.

The Essex eleven have somewhat disappointed their supporters, though they may derive some consolation from their dual victory over Lancashire, a feat equalled by no other county. That was a fine effort of theirs in July to score the 336 runs set them by the Lancastrians in the last innings of the match. Essex ought also to have defeated Yorkshire early in June, had they not thrown away the game by a number of absurd mistakes in the field. What a sufferer Mead was on that day, and how he must have blessed some of his side.

Last season's champions, Lancashire, have beaten a hasty and undignified retreat. Throughout June they flattered the hopes of their admirers, and at one stage of the season could point to a record of six victories as against only one defeat, sustained at the hands of Warwickshire. Since then the wearers of the Red Rose have gone all to pieces. Tyldesley made a lot of runs for his county, and earned the distinction of being the first man to complete his 1,000 runs this season, whilst Cuttell has enhanced his reputa-

tion, and probably there are no finer all-round professionals in England than the latter and Lockwood. Archie MacLaren has been altogether out of luck, a sad blow for his county, apart from which, the Lancastrians could do with a stronger reserve, whilst the absence of Hallam through ill-health considerably weakened their attack.

Of the other counties comparatively little need be said. J. R. Mason is to be congratulated on the vastly improved form the hop county has shown, and the great share he has played in their advance. Notts would be nowhere without the old stagers, the saviours of the side. According to the execrable system of scoring in vogue in the County Championship, the lacemen were bracketed senior wranglers with Yorkshire as late in the season as June 29th, although the one club had gained but one victory as against the other's record of nine successes. Gunn and Shrewsbury, those heroes of a hundred fights, continue among the most prominent figures in English cricket. The latter, it would appear, has quite shaken off the nasty spell of ill-health which clung to him so persistently a few seasons ago. For many weeks he headed the first-class batting averages, but his figures suffered in June through his being run out three times in succession. Some one had blundered.

To get back for a moment to the month of May—a month of low scoring—reference should certainly be made to the partnership of Shrewsbury and Gunn in the Notts-Sussex fixture. Facing a deficit of 80, the pair, while together, put on 241 runs—a marvellous performance for men who have played for so many years. Shrewsbury has actually assisted his county since 1875.

Warwickshire cricket has been mainly remarkable for the success which has attended the batting of W. G. Quaife, who this season headed the batting averages. The infinitely little "W. G." was in irresistible form towards the commencement of August, and for over a fortnight defied all the bowling brought against him. There was no shifting Quaife, who actually subscribed a break of 463 runs without once losing his wicket. His slow and selfish play has, I fear,

more than once been known to do his side more harm than good. Derbyshire can claim at least one quaint record. The largest total of the season was scored against them by Yorkshire, the second highest innings they themselves were responsible for. I refer to their 645 against Hampshire on August 1st and 2nd, the highest score ever made in the history of the club. Chatterton, L. G. Wright, Davidson, and Storer stood in with a century apiece.

the old triple Blue, C. B. Fry. The cutting and driving of the old Oxonian are alike clean and hard, and there is no finer exponent of the brilliant school of cricket than Fry. He, too, can place the bowling to a nicety, and, like the Indian, is not averse to pulling a fast ball off the wicket and sending it on its mission to the boundary. Two performances of the Sussex crack must suffice to give an idea of the character of his play. In the return between Sussex and



C. B. FRY

*From Photo by E. HAWKINS & Co., Brighton.*

Ranjitsinhji's absence from the cricket field has fallen little short of a national calamity. Englishmen had come to love the Indian Prince, and his great exhibitions of batting were ever regarded with wonder and admiration. He was the darling of the crowd and the backbone of Sussex cricket, which county was left to bitterly feel his loss. But, fortunately for Sussex, a worthy successor has been found in the person of

Middlesex at Brighton. Fry followed up his first innings of 108 with another grand effort, and when the closure was adopted he had achieved the distinction of scoring a second century in the match by means of another great innings of 123 not out. A few weeks later, against Hampshire, he again almost accomplished the double-century feat, contributing 99 and 133.

No great surprise is occasioned by the

humble positions held by Hampshire and Leicestershire, but the Somerset men, who have performed so indifferently, ought to have finished a few flights higher up. This brings us to the last rung of the Championship ladder; but before dismissing county cricket I should like to hazard the opinion that Worcestershire are quite as strong as several of the so-called first-class counties. Their play on more than one occasion has impressed me very favourably, and it must be admitted that the Westerners have emerged from their engagements with Yorkshire, Notts, Warwickshire, and Surrey 2nd XI. with honour. For so many seasons have they stood at the head of their own particular sphere that they certainly merit promotion, and it would appear very short-sighted policy to overlook their claims.

A few finishing touches and I have done. The inter-'Varsity match fell to Oxford by nine wickets, a capital performance on their part considering that the Cantabs led off with a score of 273. The losers were beaten all round, their batting, bowling, and fielding comparing very unfavourably with those of their opponents, the failure of Burnup and Jessop with the bat coming as a sad blow to the Light Blues, who would have collapsed altogether had Wilson's strain seriously interfered with his batting. In view of the disadvantages under which he laboured, Wilson's performance must be reckoned a great one, and the Cambridge skipper's aggregate of 351 runs in Inter-'Varsity cricket constitutes a record, no other cricketer having notched so many runs in the series during his University career. For the winners, Eccles played a faultless innings, and, curiously enough, the centuries recorded in the match were the only ones registered on either side throughout the season. Usually a very different tale has to be told. That no 'Varsity man of the year took part in the Gentleman v. Players' match speaks none too well for the quality of the 'Varsity bowling.

The Harrow and Eton fixture, which may be regarded in the relationship of younger brother to the famous battle of the Blues, is another of those cricket

matches tastefully framed in a fashion plate, elaborately hung with blue streamers. Last season, owing to the matches since 1894 having been left unfinished, a long controversy raged as to the desirability of extending the fixture into one of three days. Good honest ink slinging, and plenty of it, marked the skirmish, the chief qualifications needed to enter the arena being a sublime ignorance of the subject. This season the fates were kind. Harrow won by nine wickets, and peace was once more restored. Considering that the Harrovians so easily defeated Eton, and that, time permitting, the latter eleven could not well have lost to Winchester, it is remarkable that at the close of their season not a member of the Harrow eleven was able to claim a batting average exceeding 17. In 1897, when Harrow failed where Winchester succeeded, more than half the Harrovians possessed better figures.

It only remains to add that considerable excitement was caused in June by the no-balling of C. B. Fry and Hopkins, and it would seem as though umpires were at last waking up to a sense of their responsibility. So long as bowlers are not allowed to throw, so long ought throwing to be put down with an iron hand. An incalculable injury will be done to cricket if throwing ever becomes part and parcel of the game, as it reduces every one to much the same level, besides importing an altogether objectionable element into the play.

Cricket legislature moves slowly. Satisfaction may, therefore, be expressed that at an important meeting of the county representatives held on Monday, July 18th, it was decided that a board should be formed to govern future test matches between England and Australia at home. Lord Hawke was mainly responsible for this excellent reform becoming law, and, as next season we shall have a visit from the Australians, there is nothing like getting your house in order. It is recognised that Englishmen have their work before them to wipe out the defeats sustained by Stoddart and his men in Australia. The issue will be eagerly followed by cricketers in both countries.



WRITTEN BY VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON. ILLUSTRATED BY  
MONTAGUE BARSTOW.

I.

**I**T was noonday in San Antonio. The sun shone hotly down on the grey roofs of the town, on the towers and buttresses of the old château on the hill, on the smiling valley and the glittering river beneath. The plaza was almost deserted, save for a few loafers who hung about under the shadow of the arcades, surrounding it, and a few hawkers, old women for the most part, who sold oranges and bright coloured ribbons under the shade of the statue of Fernando D'Alcantara. Now and then the rumbling of some country cart, the music of women's voices from the washhouses by the river, or the strumming of a guitar, broke the stillness for a moment, only to die away into silence. San Antonio was enjoying its daily siesta, and peace reigned supreme out of doors.

But in the library of the castle peace was unknown that day. The heat without seemed to make not the slightest impression on those within the old chamber. A regular domestic war was in full progress. Standing in the midst of the room, with his right hand spread open, his left clenched by his side, his face livid with passion, stood old Don Pedro. Down on her knees at his side, clutching her lord's wrist with both

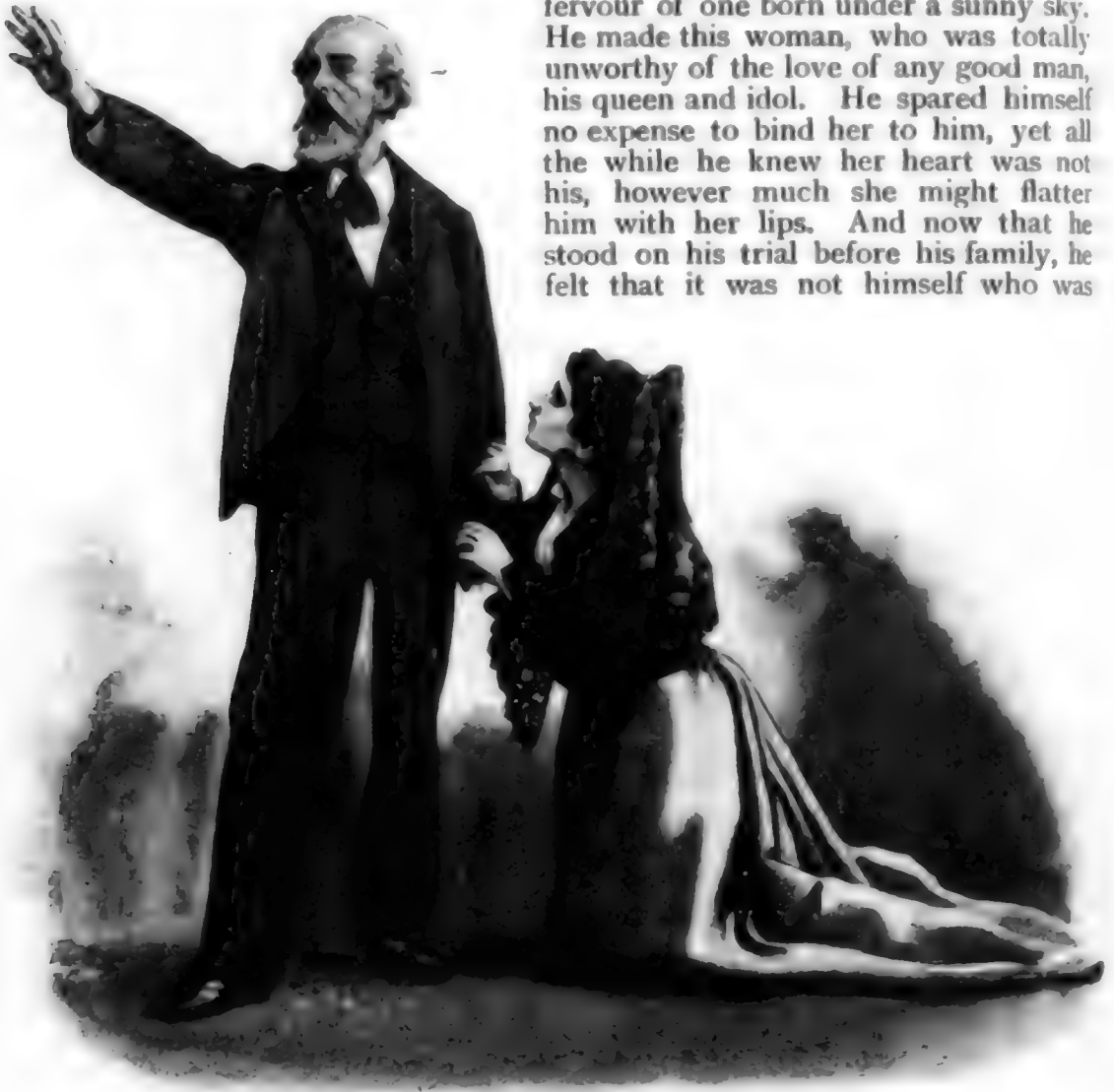
hands, her face upturned to his in an agony of grief and apprehension, far beyond the stage of tears, was his wife, Donna Isabella. Behind her stood her daughter Maria, her face buried in her handkerchief, sobbing convulsively. On a sofa, in the corner, sat the eldest son, Hernando, the heir to the property, a captain in the 98th Regiment, a sneer on his handsome face. In the midst of the room stood the principal actor in this domestic tragedy, his arms folded, his face pale, yet defiant, with a bitter smile outwardly but black rage within. It was a very old story this. Juan had been attached to a business house in Madrid, but had preferred riotous living to steady work. As a matter of fact there was much that was good in him at heart, but he was like thousands of other young men, careless and fond of pleasure. He had fallen into a very bad set at the capital, and, if he had only known it, would have had no more to say to those who called themselves his friends, who borrowed his money—which he rarely got back—and lived at his expense generally. His companions were desirable neither from the social nor moral point of view. And yet Juan was too blind and foolish to comprehend this. Perhaps he might have made an effort to turn over a new leaf, and settle down into a respectable business man and member of society, had he not fallen under the influence of



a pretty and fascinating French actress, at that time visiting the Spanish capital. Mdlle Eugénie D'Entrecasteaux, née Mdlle Marie Bonhomme, was a person of a most dangerous character. Exceedingly pretty and well dressed, she had travelled much, mixed with all classes, and was possessed of most charming and fascinating manners. She

tive ears. Whether she was really interested in this gossip it was impossible to tell. Outwardly there could not have been a more attentive listener; yet inwardly, in all probability, she regarded their stories as so many moves in the game.

To say that Juan was fascinated by her, would be to put it very mildly. He adored her with all the strength and fervour of one born under a sunny sky. He made this woman, who was totally unworthy of the love of any good man, his queen and idol. He spared himself no expense to bind her to him, yet all the while he knew her heart was not his, however much she might flatter him with her lips. And now that he stood on his trial before his family, he felt that it was not himself who was



"ON HER KNEES, AT HIS SIDE"

was one of those people who have an outward appearance of good breeding to which they have no claim, and, more delusively still, she gave people the appearance of a trustworthy friend. Before people had known her an hour they poured the secrets of their own, and the scandals of other people's families into her atten-

arraigned, but Eugénie D'Entrecasteaux. He was but her counsel and defender.

Yet, how had they known about her existence? Indeed, how did they know about any of his doings at the capital? If ever he found out the man who had done this it would go hard with him

he thought, for he was in the prime of his youth and knew himself to be strong. One by one his old sins came out from his father's lips. He did not mind most of them so much if only Eugénie's name could have been kept out of the tally. Yet, whilst he knew he could expect only bare justice from his father (for old Don Pedro had the ideas of the ancient Hebrews), there rose before his mind the image of another girl—tall and shapely, with wavy nut-brown hair and dark blue eyes, honest and fearless as the day, a maiden any man might be proud to have as his wife, of an aristocratic lineage as good as his own, and the heiress of broad acres—Donna Estrella Moraez, his cousin. The estates of Pedro D'Alcantara and Carlo Moraez adjoined each other, and the families had in the past so intermarried that they came to be regarded almost as one. And now that old Carlo Moraez was left a widower with an only daughter, he cast his eyes to the sons of his cousin. Both Hernando and Juan had free entry to the Château Moraez, the parents on both sides looking on this arrangement with favour. Yet this was the beginning of ill-feeling between the brothers. What chance had he, Juan argued, against his elder brother, the heir to his father's property, the handsome and dashing army captain? Indeed, his father had often told him Estrella was not for him; and Juan was honest to the core, and, in spite of their disagreements, loved his brother dearly. He would willingly have stood aside, and let things take their natural course, but a quite unexpected development—at least, so it seemed to these conservative fathers—appeared. This was no less a factor than the young lady's affections.

She had started with a fixed determination to marry neither brother, piqued at being, as she thought, driven into marriage against her will. She next took a violent dislike to Hernando, the intended suitor of the parents on both sides. That dashing officer advanced to the assault with a vigour most commendable in a soldier, but scarcely suitable for a lover. As a means of revenge and precaution, therefore, the lady started a violent flirtation with his

younger brother, for which, it must be confessed, the latter required no prompting. What began in play ended in earnest, and within a fortnight Estrella was madly in love with Juan. And he? He liked her, of course—as a cousin—and was even affectionate, but it was extremely doubtful if, with his heart given to another, he really cared for her as she did for him. The French actress held his destiny, and the love of his cousin beat against his heart as waves against a cliff.

And now he scarcely seemed to hear his father's voice, his mother's entreaties on his behalf, his sister's sobs, his brother's sneering looks and short laughs. He lived again his past life, his childhood at home, his schooldays and larks with friends, his business life in Madrid, and Eugénie. It all seemed to end with Eugénie—she was present in his thoughts awake or asleep. As in a dream he heard his father say, turning a deaf ear to his mother's entreaties:—

"And now, Juan, I have said all I have to say, and I give you one last chance to clear yourself. Hitherto you have answered nothing, but that may be out of respect to me. Speak now, and if you can disprove these charges I shall be the first to ask your forgiveness and receive you back again as my son. Only give the lie to these foul accusations."

There was a pitiful entreaty in these last words that went straight to the heart of his younger son, and a painful silence followed.

"Who do you suppose, sir, could have known about your life in Madrid," continued the irate old man, "but one who knows your life here too, and understands to the full the extent of your double dealing with your family? What would be the meaning of my promise to you just now if your accuser were not before you? Answer him, if you will."

The room seemed to swim before the young man's eyes in the dead silence that followed. He had long had a suspicion of what he now knew as certainty, but the sudden and cruel revelation of it stunned him. He did not fall into a blind passion, or attempt theatrical tragedy or hysterical out-

bursts. With never a glance at the now livid face of his brother, he mastered himself with an effort, stepped forward, and looking his father full in the face, gave him his answer.

"Señor, I will not answer a word to this plot against me, for I can regard it in no other light. It is for no love of my brother that I do this, for all my affection for him has now been withered up. I only refrain from a scene from consideration for you, my mother and my sister. Bad as my sins are, I am at any rate a gentleman and have some sense of honour. As for my cousin, let her choose whom she will. She cannot choose me, for I shall never see my home again. If you were to beg me to stay, I would not after this. But you will not, for all that Hernando has told you about my life in Madrid is true. I love this woman, Eugénie D'Entrecasteaux, with my whole heart and soul. I have loved her in prosperity, and I will do so in adversity also, if she will let me. True also is it about my friends at the capital. They may have their faults, yet why should I be ashamed to own those as friends whom I have deliberately chosen as such? I know you will send me away, and in all probability I may never see any of you again; but I will not cringe to you, for I am of the blood of the Alcantaras, and I don't think any of them ever knew what fear was. May you be happy in the love of your son Hernando, and his future wife, Donna Estrella Moraez. Farewell, my father."

Without a word Don Pedro pointed to the door with one hand, while with the other he kept back his wife. But the next instant a smothered cry of "Good-bye, my son," followed by a quick movement, made Juan pause and look back in the very doorway. His father sat at his writing desk, his face buried in his hands, while beside him on either side knelt his mother and sister, trying to comfort him. His brother he could not see, but he knew he was still in the room, for the old library possessed but the one door he was going out by. And never to the end of his life did the young man forget that scene, when, under the portraits of the old ancestors of his line, he saw the

living picture of those nearest and dearest to him wrapped in hopeless grief for his sake. For a moment this picture drove all thoughts, even of his future life, from his head; then rousing himself with an effort, he collected his scanty effects, got his money from the town bank, and, after an affectionate farewell to his man Jaime, who almost wept at parting with his young master, took the coach to Badajoz, and thence on by train to Madrid.

## II.

The sun sank down to rest behind a cumulus of blue-black cloud, a dull red globe of fire. Its parting rays lit up the mole of San Nicholas, and caught the wall of grim Morro Castle, making the windows gleam like burnished gold. Swiftly the hues faded from red-gold to magenta, from magenta to stone-grey, from stone-grey to the purple-black of night. Then as the light of nature sank to rest, man set out his feeble artificial lamps, from the great revolving light at the entrance to the harbour, to the mean gas-lamp in the slums of the great city, and gay Havana roused herself once more for her nightly round of extravagance and pleasure. And away in the east the crescent moon was rising, pale and ghost-like, but gathering in brilliance and solidity, as she slowly wended her way in the track of the sun.

A young man leaned against the parapet of the Castle, one arm supporting his head, the other carelessly cast over the side of the seawall, yet tightly grasping a crumpled letter in his hand. He was in the uniform of a trooper of one of those regiments of colonial mounted volunteers which Spain keeps employed as scouts and guerrillas in her constant warfare with her revolted subjects. Yet his bearing (for darkness hid his face) was of one who is born a gentleman.

To the passers-by he seemed to have been watching the sunset, for he gazed as earnestly at it as the condemned criminal does at the daylight, when he is led out to die. Yet there was no perception in his glance. His thoughts were far away from the contemplation of nature. His letter alone seemed of inte-

rest to him. Now and again he would unfold it and read it through once more, poring over each word. The paper was crumpled and torn and thumb-marked, and was, moreover, dated fully a month back, yet he never appeared to lose his interest in it. The words seemed burnt into his brain. Once more now he read the missive which had wrecked his happiness for ever, and withered up the springs of his heart.

"To Trooper Alova, 6th Mounted Cuban Volunteers, Barracks, Manzanillo, near Havana, Cuba. (By West India Mail.)

"Señor, — I write to tell you we must part for ever. Your cruelty to your family, your wicked life in Madrid, when you wilfully deceived me also, pretending, forsooth, that you loved me alone, when you said this to every woman you met — above all, your promises of marriage to me when all the while you were almost arranging the details of your wedding with your cousin, have estranged me utterly from you, and turned me into your bitterest enemy. Yet if in the future you desire to lead a better life, and bury your past sins behind you, I don't think you can do better than try to follow the good example of that noble gentleman, affectionate son, and gallant officer, your brother. As for me, thank God, you have no power over me any longer. I am married to a good man and a brave patriot. Yet, as my husband is a Cuban, and desirous of returning to his native land as soon as possible, I must warn you that if, unfortunately, we ever meet, we meet—and part—as utter strangers. I am no longer on the stage, so you need not attempt to seek me at a theatre at Havana or elsewhere.—Eugénie Namaquon."

The minutes rolled on and still that silent figure did not move. Down in the city was all noise and bustle, but up on the ramparts was the silence of the night. Save for the lapping of the waves on the shore, and the tramp of the sentries on the walls, all was still. A clock struck half-past nine, and instantly, as if all were connected by wire, others followed suit. A minute after and the big bell of the Cathedral



"THE YOUNG MAN LEANED AGAINST THE  
PARAPET OF THE CASTLE"

tolled out its contribution, followed by the clang of smaller bells, calling the more pious-minded to evening prayer. A quick, firm step behind him made the young man half swing round, to receive a hearty clap on the back and an arm passed through his, as Pedro Guitterez, with a gay laugh, led his friend away to the city and life.

"Come, Juan, *camarado*, has the beauty of the night possessed you, or that of Señorita Juanita, you shy dog? Here we both travel to the gay metropolis to see old Carbajal and family, and you run off and leave me to bear the attack alone. It's too bad of you. The pretty Juanita is annoyed, and says you are a sulky, disagreeable boy, and she won't speak to you any more—at least till you come to Havana again. And I,

*amigo mio*," with a merry laugh and a bow, "I am favourite for to-night. See here!" and he held up a little black lace fan with coloured ribbons attached, "Ha! ha! you rascal, you have only played into my hands by your moon-gazing!"

Juan smiled. "I am so sorry," he said, "I hope you excused me to the Carbajals. I know it was rude after all their kindness. But I was out of sorts to-night, and wanted to be alone. I never get a chance at Manzanillo. You understand?"

Pedro cast a quick, keen glance at his friend's face.

"Perfectly," he said gravely. They walked on in silence down the Castle steps and out by the Calle del Morro into the bustling city beneath. The hour was late, and few people were about either on the boulevards or the fashionable plazas. Their uniforms (for Pedro was in the same regiment as Juan) created no attention, for soldiers were common enough in Havana in that disturbed time. Half-way across the Cathedral Square Juan looked at his watch.

"Come, Pedro, we must hurry up, if we want to catch the last train to Manzanillo. We have only twenty minutes to do it in. No time to go back to the Carbajals to-night."

They quickened their steps towards the station. About two minutes' walk from it they passed the corner of the central police station, and a man in the police uniform tumbled into them.

"Ah," he panted, relief in his tone, "pardon, señors, but this is a most fortunate meeting —"

"H'm, mighty unfortunate, I should say, as regards time lost, and physically rather damaging; curse the fool," muttered Pedro, *sotto voce*.

"— You are guerrilla men, I see, and we want any we can get of that branch of the service to-night. We have practically only infantry of the line in the city nowadays."

"What is the matter?" said Juan shortly.

"Rebels," growled the police officer, "a band of about half-a-dozen, with one of their leaders and his wife, making their way out from the city through the

loyal country to the insurgents near Holguin. They landed near Cardenas about a week ago and were traced here, but disappeared somewhere in the slums. In hiding among those cursed *reconcentrados*, I suppose. Why they ever came here at all I can't imagine."

"Ah," said both his listeners in a breath, "so you want us to help arrest them, eh?"

"Exactly," was the answer, "all good cavalry men are needed. We have information that they intend leaving the city by the Hispaniola Gate at half-past twelve to-night. They have stolen uniforms and horses from the 8th Cavalry, quartered in barracks here, and the scorpions have got the pass and counterword for the night. The Captain-General has just given the order for their arrest, and will be mad if they get away, and you know we police are not in sufficient force to spare any man out of the city by night, even if we were allowed to send any out. Moreover, General Weyler won't let any of the 8th waste their energies in trapping such jackals at this hour."

"But why not arrest them at the gate?" said Juan quietly.

"We have thought of that, but it is better not. The city is honeycombed with treason, and there might be a dangerous riot if these wolves gathered in sufficient force. In fact, they might even make things unpleasant for the authorities, which wouldn't do at all. No, the arrest, to be successful, must be made on the Santiago main road, and at least six miles from the city. We have already got Sergeant Lopez, of the 4th Guerrillas, and three of his men; you two make six, and we hope to get a man or two more before half-past eleven, at which time you must leave the city by the Bahia Honda Gate, and make a detour round till you reach the Santiago road, where you must look out for a suitable ambush yourselves. The rendezvous, then, is the Western Gate, at a quarter-past eleven; you will get your mounts, pistols, and ammunition, given you there, so there is plenty of time before you. You had better come inside now, and receive your final instructions."

"Indeed," said Pedro, sarcastically,



"but since your fine plan seems likely to make us miss our last train to Manzanillo, and as we, in that case, will probably get into a scrape with our own officers, perhaps you will kindly take all responsibility."

"Oh! you are Manzanillo men. Certainly, of course, we will wire down the line as soon as possible. Your colonel will certainly overlook your being out to-night if in the service of your country."

"Why can't the police do their own dirty work?" muttered Pedro, as they followed the officer. "Fighting rebels is all very well in the field, but hunting them down like rats in the dark is not soldiers' work."

Inside they received minute instructions for appearing at the Western Gate in an hour and a-half, as well as a written explanation to be delivered to their colonel, signed by the Commissioner of Police himself. They were to place themselves under the orders of Sergeant Lopez for the night, and would find their horses and arms waiting inside the gate. Now that they had got over their chagrin at not getting back to their comrades in barracks, and had obtained a written order exculpating them from the consequences of staying out the night, they felt in better spirits, and rather looked forward to the excitement of a sensational night arrest.

"Perhaps it is a better chance of promotion than we should get in actual war, Pedro. People seem to remember these sort of services better than they do deeds done in the thick of a fight. I wonder who these leaders are? I did not know any prominent rebels had come into the country lately——"

"Nor I, *camarado*, but the foxes always manage to get in somehow. I for one shan't be sorry to have a fling at them. These jackals never stand up to a fair fight, but blaze away at one behind rocks and bushes. It will be fine to catch some of them after their own fashion."

An hour afterwards they were slowly wending their way towards the Bahia Honda Gate. The streets were nearly deserted, and the moon was high in the heavens. A few belated passers-by hurried homewards, the men with their

coats buttoned and the collars up; the women with their mantillas wrapped closely round them, for the night was cold. Half-an-hour's quick walking and the dark outline of the gate was before them. A group of half-a-dozen troopers in the uniforms of the 4th Mounted Volunteers and 8th Cavalry (these last—two in number—had taken "French leave" from barracks) were seated motionless as statues on their horses. Between them, held by two of their number, were two other animals saddled and bridled.

"Hurry up, *camarados*, you are late," said the sergeant, gruffly, as the newcomers were provided with arms and ammunition, and assisted to mount. "We have not much time to spare if we mean to catch the rascals to-night. Open the gate, corporal, and let us out, and good-night to you."

"Good night and good luck" was the answer, as the great gate swung open, to shut again with a sullen clang the moment they were through. They rode on in silence along the Bahia road under the bright moonlight till they left the city lights behind them. Then about two and a-half miles out the sergeant turned down a side road to the left, his troop following him obediently. Thence into another small road on the left, and out of this again into a grassy glade covered with young cactus plants and prickly pear. They followed the glade for about a mile, and then, climbing a ridge, found themselves on a downward slope, bare and wind-swept, with only a few tall feathery palms scattered about at intervals of some forty yards apart. Half-a-mile on they sighted their goal gleaming white in the moonlight, and ten minutes afterwards they emerged on the high road.

"Now, my fine fellows," said the sergeant, critically, "we shall have to look sharp if we want to get all our arrangements completed before our guests arrive. The wood yonder must be our spot. We had better dismount first—now then [when this had been done] suppose you two 8th men tether and feed the horses from the meal-bags, and see that they don't neigh. Line men," he muttered, aside, "are best in the reserve on an occasion like this."

Olmedan, Jerez, (aloud) take your carbines, and go higher up the road till you come to a clump of cocoa palms on the left and cactus bushes on the right. Hide there. Alvarado, you must come with me. You two," turning to Juan and his friend, "go down the road and take up your post in that wood down there, one on each side. Now then, go, and be quick, especially you two 6th men, and remember—and you, too, Olmedan and Jerez—that we in the middle begin the attack. It is your duty to close in on either side. The birds must not escape."

Pedro and Juan walked slowly down the road to the wood, as the sergeant had ordered them. A dead silence reigned; not a breath of wind stirred the branches above them; only the occasional rustle of a tree-snake and the continuous humming of the grasshoppers broke the stillness. The moon was at her highest, lighting the surrounding landscape with a vague, weird

glow, but ever and anon hidden behind the small fleecy clouds which raced up from the south-west, presaging a storm to come. An hour or more of waiting passed, and Juan was beginning to think of other things, when the faint dull clatter of horses' hoofs caught his ears. He immediately signalled to Pedro, across the road, by waving his handkerchief twice, a sign they had agreed on. The horses were yet far off, for the night being still, they could be heard at a great distance. Though they came rapidly nearer, it was fully a quarter of an hour before the six riders, attired in the uniform of the 8th Hussars, were seen coming round a bend in the road. At last they were abreast of them, with the moonlight glittering on their scabbards and accoutrements, but their faces in shadow. Juan and Pedro let them pass, awaiting the sergeant's whistle to close in from the rear. A moment later and the whistle sounded, followed by startled shouts and a couple of shots—

and confused cries. The friends started up to follow, but owing to the bend in the road could not see the struggle. Suddenly they heard the clatter of hoofs, and two of the riders dashed at full gallop round the corner. They evidently did not see these last two enemies, who kept along in the shade at the side of the road.

"Now, Julio," called out the foremost, a small, slight man, "back to Havana as hard as we can go. These cursed Spaniards will never think we have turned in our tracks. Our uniforms will let us through the gates, and as we can say we are on urgent public business, we are not likely to be stopped. Our friends in the capital will hide us till we can get out again. Those poor fellows back yonder are past our help, I fear."



"HE SIGNALLED TO PEDRO"

"Ah, yes," growled the other, a burly, thick-set man, "you are right, Eugénie. I suppose we are in for another spell of that filthy pig-sty. Curse the Dons, say I!—Hulloa, who are these?"

Juan had hesitated for a moment as the voice of the leading rider had reached his ear, and for an instant he grew pale with a sudden foreboding. The next moment he leapt forward and seized the horse's bridle, "You'd best surrender without a struggle, Señor," he said quietly, "escape is impossible."

"Ah!" came in the tones he knew so well, though in the uncertain light, and the plunging of the horse he could not see her face, "I suppose so; I am in your hands, Señor." Thank God, she had not recognised him! But for how long could he keep her in ignorance? He must hand over his prisoner to the sergeant without delay, and beg permission to form one of the rearguard on the return journey. Meanwhile Pedro had succeeded in stopping the other horseman, and while Juan covered them with his revolver, Pedro made them dismount, and tied their hands securely behind them with whiplcord. A moment later, and the rest of the party cantered round the corner—three prisoners securely bound in the centre, while a riderless horse led behind by one of the troopers, with splashes of blood on the saddle, showed the fate of the fourth. The sergeant and Alvarado, who was binding up his arm with a piece of cloth, rode in front, the two men of the 8th on either side, and the other two, with the horse of the dead man, behind—a strange cavalcade, which seemed out of place amidst the calm and peace of nature.

"Well done, you two!" called out the sergeant cheerily, taking in affairs at a glance, "You had better put your captures in front. I fancy they are the leaders of this party."

"May we ride behind, sergeant?"

"Behind! I had intended to send you on ahead to the city with the news. But if you like, Olmedan and Jerez shall go. But if you are in the rear you will have to look after that horse. The scoundrels have stolen him, like the others, from the cavalry stables, and we must bring them all in if we can. Now then, my sons," to the other two,

"off with you, and make them keep that Hispaniola Gate open for us, if they don't want a night attack in force." And the sergeant laughed grimly at his own jest, for this rough and taciturn man felt he had done one of the best jobs in his life that night, and so thought he had a right to be cheerful.

After the advance guard had cantered off, a silence fell over the party. The captors felt the reaction of fatigue after the excitement they had gone through, and each of them had had a hard day's work in addition. But for the captives it was the silence of despair. Almost had they touched the cup of liberty at last, only to find it dashed from their lips. They well knew that death was the only measure dealt out to rebels caught with arms in their hands; and they could not even hope for a chance to escape. A day or two in the guard-room prison, an hour of mental torture before the military tribunal—a farce, as far as a fair trial was concerned—a few days, or perhaps only hours, in the dungeons of the Morro, a short walk blindfolded into the courtyard, and all their joys and sorrows would be over for ever. Conversation was foolish and a waste of time to men in their situation.

"Why ever did you ask leave for us to form the rearguard, Juan?" said Pedro, a little curious.

"Oh! I was thinking they might mistake us for deserters if we dashed into the city at this hour. They can see we are of the 4th, and they know none of that regiment is quartered at Havana."

Pedro laughed. "Perhaps," he said drily. What was the matter with Juan to-night?

They had dropped behind the rest of the party, who were now out of sight. Juan was leading the riderless horse on his right side. Suddenly a loud shout arose, followed by three or four shots, and Juan dropped the bridle he was holding in sheer astonishment, which the frightened animal immediately took advantage of by turning tail down the road behind at top speed. Then came a wild galloping of horses, and the two riders they had been instrumental in capturing came galloping

madly round the corner, followed by the sergeant and his *fidus achates*, Alvaredo, who was lurching like a drunkard in his saddle.

"Stop them," roared Lopez, "they have stolen a pistol and a carbine, and have shot Alvaredo into the bargain."

It seemed like a dream as they dashed to meet them under that white and glaring moonlight. Juan was only conscious of a small, slim figure, holding a clubbed musket aloft. His hand, that had never shaken during three months' warfare and hard life in the island,

trembled like that of an old man. Into his ear came in soft tones,

"You would not shoot a woman, Señor." His pistol exploded harmlessly in the air, followed by two pistol shots at his side, and a cry in a voice he knew well, as Pedro Guitterez, as true a friend and comrade as man ever had, fell headlong from his horse on to the hard road, and just as he realised with relief that his pistol had not touched her, came a sickening blow on his head, a vision of rushing riders, and the sound of horses' hoofs, and then—oblivion.



A SICKENING BLOW ON THE HEAD AND THEN OBLIVION"

(To be continued).

## IN DECEMBER



### I.

THERE is a rumour in the air  
That snow is marching on the town :  
The world's face puckers in a frown,  
And smiles and cheery words are rare.  
But you, my dear, go by as though  
It were a joy to meet the snow.

I note your coat is trimly furred  
About your wrists and throat and breast ;  
Your face peeps from a soft, warm nest—  
You dainty, dainty little bird !  
But, lo ! against this bitter gale  
You do not deign to don a veil.

I wonder, darling, why it is  
That this North Wind should pierce me through,  
And in the same breath fly to you  
With nothing sterner than a kiss—  
A kiss that comes, a kiss that goes,  
And leaves on either cheek a rose.

Well, I have seen a rose in June—  
First of a first glad Summer day ;  
And I have watched a late rose stray  
Into the Autumn's afternoon :  
But you have roses, O my sweet,  
That blossom in the wintry street !

### II.

We two have found much gladness in the year  
Whose door e'en now swings to against our lives,  
But not against our hearts ; for joy survives  
Like the sweet perfume in an atmosphere  
Where dead rose-leaves still breathe of Summer cheer.  
No dust shall gather on the dear archives  
Of those past months, for Love somehow contrives  
To keep fair records of each laugh and tear.  
How we remember ! Say, have we forgot  
A single sigh, a solitary kiss,  
One glad chance-meeting, or one lonely thought ?  
Nay ; and I thank God for these memories.  
Had we a grief ? Ah, then, beloved, this,  
Our year's fair page, looks fairer for the blot !

J. J. BELL.





CASTLE OF LINDERHOF

## *The Royal Bavarian Castles*

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



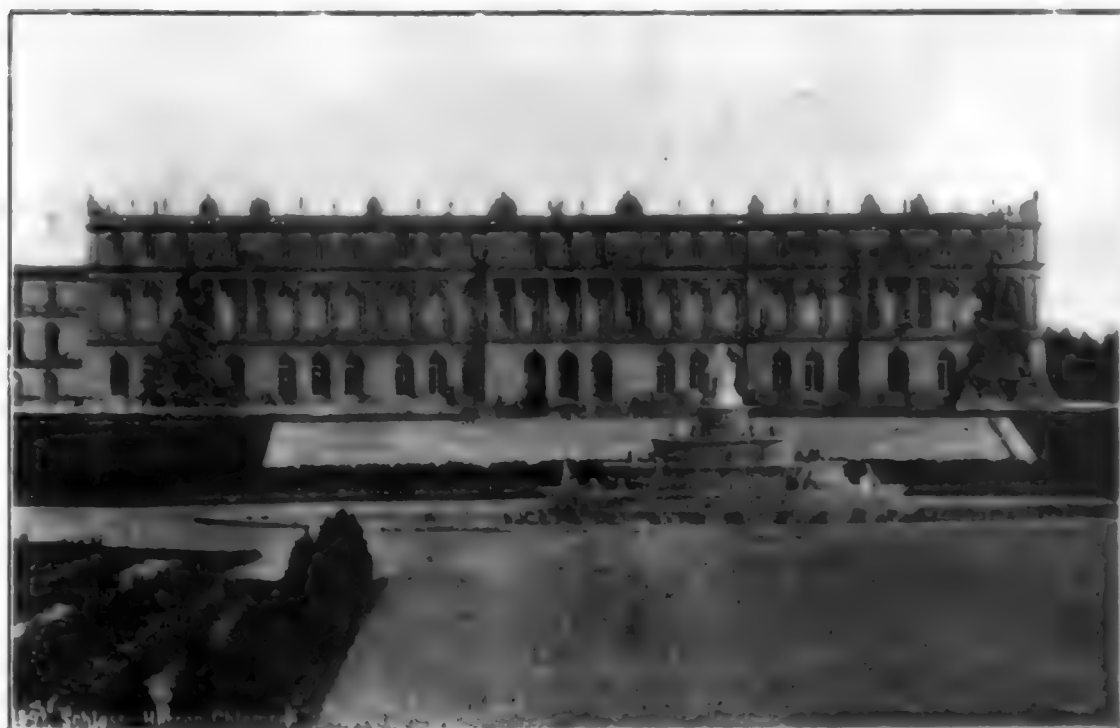
It is just twelve years since the unfortunate King Ludwig II., of Bavaria, ended his life by drowning himself in the Lake of Starnberg, but his memory lives still vividly amongst the people who loved him so dearly and devotedly in spite of his strange eccentricities. A church is now in course of erection in the park of the Castle of Berg where the deposed sovereign spent his last days in actual imprisonment, and where he rushed into the water on that tragic evening of the 13th of June, 1886. He

had no further desire to live after he had been deprived of regal power. His name and fame will never die, and the monuments erected in accordance with his love for beauty, magnificence and the romantic, which he himself conceived and left behind him, the mountain castles in the Bavarian Highlands, are a solid and lasting memorial of his love for the sublime.

Since Bayreuth has become a musical centre through the biennial performances there of Wagner's grand operas, since the stream of pilgrims has been



THE GROUNDS OF LINDERHOF



THE CASTLE OF HERRENCHIEMSEE

directed to Oberammergau every tenth year in order to see the Passion play, Bavaria has indeed become a much frequented resort of travellers, especially of the Anglo-Saxon race; and this is not to be wondered at when one considers the art treasures accumulated in her capital, and the nature-treasures offered by highly picturesque mountain and lake scenery. And there is another point which should not be overlooked and which makes this district so inviting, it is the fact that the Bavarian Highlands have not lost as yet their rural and primitive aspect, and have not accepted in any sense the undesirable customs of show places where fashionable people congregate more for the sake of mode than for rest from the turmoil of town life.

The hotel accommodations throughout the country are exceptionally good, and the travelling facilities are many and inexpensive. The great royal castles may be visited and can be seen thoroughly for a small fee (one shilling). The principal ones are the feudal pile of Neuschwanstein, the romantic Linderhof and the magnificent 'Castle or Palace of Herrenchiemsee; the remaining ones are small and less important, although interesting on account of their isolated situation on mountain peaks or in the midst of deep forests. The Castle of Berg, which is within an easy distance of Munich, is charmingly placed on the shore of a picturesque lake of some pretension, on which is also to be found the home of the girlhood of the late Empress Elisabeth of Austria, the life-long friend of the late Ludwig II. The edifice is surrounded by a well-wooded park, gently sloping down to the lake. The Castle is rather small and much simpler than the other regal residences, but it is so closely connected with the youth and death of the unfortunate monarch, that

every visitor to the neighbourhood feels a great desire to see it with the actual place where the dead body of the Prince was found in a depth of only three feet of water. The spot is marked by a stone cross erected in the water, and a simple monument on the path where the King turned off into the lake.

The most magnificent work conceived and carried out by Ludwig II. is the



THE CASTLE OF BERG

Castle of Herrenchiemsee, a veritable Bavarian Versailles. The palace is in the style of the Italian Renaissance, and is adorned and furnished in the richest and most extravagant way. There is a great display of fine statuary, and especially remarkable are two groups formed of natural rock and beautiful bronze figures which stand in front of the principal *façade* of the *château*. The foun-

tain, which stands some distance off in front, is also a work of art of the highest rank.

The most fitting name for Linderhof is the word used in German—"Waldschloss," viz., forest castle, for it is built in the midst of thickly-wooded mountains, and adorned with most artistic and select statuary, and the ornamental waters, fountains, grottoes, terraces, white marble stairs, etc., are indescrib-

visits it will ever repent of having taken the journey; the visit leaves behind it a lasting impression upon the beholder—the impression of melancholy beauty.

In visiting these haunts of the Royal builder one need not spend much time, if one is limited in this respect. It may be done comfortably in three days, making Munich the centre or headquarters; but where time is no object, the many excursions which may be



MONUMENT IN THE PARK OF BERG

ably beautiful. The so-called Blue Grotto is constructed to resemble the natural grotto of Capri, and in it there is an artificial lake, on which sails an automaton swan. This cave alone has cost more than £60,000 to complete. It would be a difficult task to describe all the beauties and objects of interest of this exquisite palace. No one who

made in the neighbourhood, the lovely wild lake and mountain scenery, in the midst of which one may find repose and quiet, will richly repay a longer sojourn in this wonderland, with its fairy castles and forest palaces.

The king's state bedroom at Herrenchiemsee, with the bed itself, and his favourite drawing-room at Linderhof,

are masterpieces of decorative art of the time of Louis XIV. We include in our illustrations a master-piece in bronze and marble, which may be seen in the lofty hall in the former palace, and a portion of the winter garden, built upon the roof of the royal residence in Munich, which represents a tropical palm and fern forest, with an artificial lake large

enough to allow of boating on its waters.

King Ludwig was at Neuschwanstein when informed of his deposition, and was taken thence to Berg, which was chosen by the doctors as less likely to foster the king's eccentricities.

He only survived his fall a few days; life had become unbearable to him under these conditions.



BRONZE PEACOCK IN THE HALL OF CASTLE OF HERRENCHIEMSSEE.





BY CHALONER LYON

ILLUSTRATED BY HUTTON MITCHELL

# I.

Good Master Death! be pitiful I pray,  
Stretch forth thy hand, that I may surely die.  
For to myself, I needs must say alway,  
Mine own hands dug this pit wherein I lie.



HILIP DESPARD read aloud the lines he had just written. "You fool!" he said softly; "You utter fool!"

He was seated on an out-lying bastion of the ruined castle of Kaiserstein. At his feet lay the little town with its red-tiled roofs and narrow stone-built streets; while around and beyond, field followed field over the wide plain until the pine-clad rampart of the Taunus hills shut in the view. It was six o'clock in the afternoon, and the August sun still shone brightly. Everything was very quiet; the warm stillness was only broken by the shrill chirping of the grasshoppers in the coarse herbage around him, and the far-off creaking of a bullock-wain from the village below.

He drew a letter from his pocket and opened it. He had read it so many times each day during the past week

that he could have repeated it word for word, for it was very short.

"I am writing," it began abruptly, "to say I know all—your conscience will tell you what. Do not write or follow me, it could do no good. Good-bye.

"GERTRUDE."

"My conscience will tell me!" he mused. "God knows it has sat in judgment upon me often enough in the past, but it has nothing to urge against me on her behalf, except that I ought never to have sought to link her life with mine. Well! for two years it has been a pleasant dream, but the awakening is very bitter."

The evening shadows gloomed and lengthened on the tree-tops before him, and still he lingered.

"She was weary of me," he thought. "I don't wonder. I used to marvel how she, young and beautiful—my God! how beautiful—could take an interest in me, one of life's failures, a man without purpose or ambition, content to see himself passed in the race by those he knew to be his inferiors in talent and knowledge. Yet how brave she was, how she encouraged me

to bear failure and disappointment by her loving trust in my ultimate success. And yet it was only a whim after all. I suppose the idea of rescuing something appealed to her woman's heart, a sort of moral slumming. So, when the success began to come, the charm departed; it was not me she loved, but the glory of saving a soul alive. Probably that German-American friend of hers has raked up or invented some tale of my past, and Gertrude has caught at it as an excuse for giving me up."

The sun went down, the twilight came and departed, the stars shone out in the blue depths of the summer night as he sat there. He recalled how letter after letter, written as it seemed to him with his very heart's blood, had remained unanswered, and a feeling of despair took possession of him.

"I was not worthy," he said bitterly. "But, oh my beautiful lost darling, if you had once been mine, I would have so surrounded you with love that I would have forced you to care for me."

A bat flickered round him in erratic circles, once so closely that it nearly brushed his cheek; and the low hooting of an owl alone broke the stillness around him. The idea of the hotel, with its crowd of noisy tourists, was insupportable to him. He rolled himself in a rug he had brought to sit on, and nestled against a stone pier. Then, little by little the peace of the summer night seemed to take possession of his soul, and presently he slept.

## II.

"Here!" cried Philip Despard, starting to his feet; "What is it? Who called me?"

There was no answer. The night wind blew coolly on his face, and a distant clock, with deliberate resonance, struck twelve.

"I must have been dreaming," he thought, "for I could have sworn that some one called me."

There is but one road from the castle



"HE WAS SEATED ON AN OUTLYING BASTION"

to the town of Kaiserstein, and to reach it from the place where he had been sitting it was necessary to pass along a vaulted passage through the castle itself. As this passage winds considerably, it is gloomy in broad daylight, and at night it is quite dark. But Despard had trodden it so often that he now entered it confidently, though the enveloping blackness seemed to close in upon him with a sense of weight and pressure. The path began to descend, and he knew that another minute would show him the stars shining at the end of the tunnel-like passage. But the slope of the descent became steeper, and putting out his arms he found that he could touch the walls on either side—an impossibility in the wide, main passage in which he had thought himself. How he had missed his way he could not imagine, and he was about to retrace his steps when his advancing foot seemed to step into nothingness; a violent effort to save himself was unsuccessful, and the next instant he was sliding feet foremost down a steep incline, accompanied by a shower of stones and loose earth. Then came a violent blow on his head and the loss of consciousness.

When he came to himself he was

lying on his back on the ground. Above his head he could see the shining of the stars, but all around him was the blackest gloom. He sat up feeling sore and dizzy, but a few cautious movements showed him no bones were broken. He had evidently fallen into some underground dungeon, and his first care was to see if he could not escape from it by climbing up the opening he had fallen through. That he soon found was impossible, the sides were too steep, and he saw that unless he could find some other way out he must wait where he was until daylight. Another thing perplexed him; he could hear the sound of running water, far off, indeed, but unmistakable.

He felt in his pockets: his silver vesta-case was full of wax matches, and he had a London newspaper which he had brought to read. He made his way to the nearest wall and cautiously began his explorations. As he moved, the sound of water he had heard became clearer and more distinct with every step, and, acting on some half-conscious impulse, he dropped on his hands and knees. Well for him he did so, for a few steps further his hand slipped on the edge of the stone pavement, which suddenly stopped there. The sound of the running water was very clear now; he could hear it swirling and rushing down below.

He struck a match, and lighting a torch of crumpled paper proceeded to investigate his position.

He found himself on the edge of a deep fosse or chasm, about eighteen feet wide, which ran from wall to wall of the dungeon. The sides were smooth and straight as if cut out of the solid rock, the depth too great for him to estimate; and at the bottom flowed the rapid torrent which he had heard. The end wall of the dungeon formed its further boundary, rising up straight to the vaulted roof, without even a ledge at the floor level. As the burning paper flared up before going out, he fancied he could see something like an opening in the wall on the other side. Crawling along the edge of the fosse until he thought he had reached the spot, he once more lit a paper torch, and held it as far across the blackness as he could.

Sure enough there was a doorway in the wall opposite, and in it a flight of steps leading upward. For a moment the idea of escape by jumping the fosse flashed across his mind, but the steps were so narrow and broken that he felt it would be madness to attempt it. There seemed to be some sort of draw-bridge fastened up against the further wall; but it was worked from the other side and useless to him. He must wait until the morning light brought back the old custodian, who would hear his shouts and find some way to release him. So he made his way back to the place where he had fallen, and sat down; while his mind went back automatically to the subject which ever occupied his thoughts, sleeping and waking—his love for Gertrude Barton.

Then once more he stretched himself on the mental rack, again he tasted the bitterness of disappointed love, the aching sense of the emptiness of life. He tried to be cynical. "She is like other women," he told himself; "let her go!" Straightway his heart answered, "She is the only woman,"—and he knew it spoke truly. His love had been his religion, the rock upon which he had rested as on a sure foundation. How could he worship at an empty shrine, how build on the shifting sand when the broken shards of his life lay around him?

Another revulsion of feeling succeeded. Was he not a fool after all to take the matter so seriously? Did not lovers always fall out?

"I have done no wrong," he told himself; "it must all come right in time if—if she loves me."

"She does not love you."

The words were spoken, but there was no sound of speech; Philip Despard did not hear them uttered, he felt them. And he knew that it was no part of his own nature which thus answered his own question. He felt no fear, scarcely any surprise.

"Who are you?" he asked aloud, "and how do you know?"

"I know—because I know," was the reply. "And it is well she does not love you; well for her, well for you. A man must reap that which he has sown—and you, what have you sown?"

"It is not too late," said Philip Despard.

"Not too late for some men," came the unspoken answer, "not too late for you if she loved you, if your strength of will had not been sapped by years of self-indulgence. Not too late ten years ago. Now, it is too late.

"I am the true friend," the silent voice went on, "who comes to every man at the crisis of his life. To some men I should urge renewed effort. But to you I say—it is my last word—cease to struggle against the fate which you have wrought for yourself, cease to hope for what can never be yours. Why drag on a lengthening chain, looking backward with remorse, looking forward with despair, when escape is so easy?"

The cold, emphatic sentences came to Despard like a decree of fate. The idea of suicide aroused no horror, no repugnance in his mind. For many years he had kept before him the possibility of such an ending, neither desiring it or dreading it, only feeling a dreary comfort in the thought that when life became too barren of outlook he could always draw aside the curtain which veiled this short cut to forgetfulness. Had not the time come to do it now? He must think.

Two alternatives stood out clearly before him. If Gertrude Barton still loved him, he was eager to live, knowing that her love would give him the power to fight victoriously the battle of life. If not, if the silent voice had spoken truly, if she did not love him, then he needed no mysterious visitant to tell him that a few months would see him once more the nerveless creature, incapable of sustained effort, he remembered so well and despised so bitterly. Sooner than sink again into that death in life, he would drop quietly into the dark gulf before him, and the rushing water would keep his secret for ever.

Did she love him?

"No!" he cried, "a thousand times no! Love is kind and pitiful and forgiving, and she is hard and cold as the live rock. I know—for I have loved."

He twisted up several pieces of paper and lighted one of them. He had something to do before the end came. He

took two letters from his pocket—one which he had read the evening before, and another in the same handwriting. It, too, was very short, only a few words of thanks for some flowers he had sent. But it began, "My dear Philip," it was signed "Your own true Gertie;" and as the flame scorched and blackened the well-known characters, he winced as if his own flesh had been burnt.

There was yet something to do, and he shrank from doing it. From his pocket-book he took a photograph of a girl. Twice he held it to the flames, and twice he withdrew it to press it passionately to his lips. As he gazed at the face he loved so well, the lips seemed to his fancy to waver and break into a smile, and once more the love-light glowed in the steady eyes.

"I cannot do it," he muttered, "it is all that remains to me of my dream of heaven, and I will take it with me to hell. Come!"

He spoke as if addressing some one; then, moving forward, stood on the edge of the fosse.

"Good-bye, dear one!" he whispered, "you will never know how I loved you. Good-bye!"

Dropping the last piece of burning paper into the blackness at his feet, he watched it light up the smooth sides of the rock walls as it fell. Then he leaned forward.

A pebble rattled noisily downward on the stone steps opposite. Another followed, and then another. A ray of light shone and wavered on the upper stairs, lighting up their inequalities and revealing the little tufts of fern which grew out of the crevices. The light descended from step to step, some one was coming down the staircase.

Despard was angered at the interruption. "Who is there?" he called sharply.

"I am coming, Philip!" said a voice which made every fibre in his body vibrate strangely. "But these steps are so worn I cannot come quickly."

The light was shining on the bottom step now. Another minute and Gertrude Barton was descending the last two steps. She looked as if just aroused from sleep, her dark hair hung in wavy curls on her shoulders, a long

white dressing gown was buttoned down to her slippered feet, and she carried a small lamp in her hand.

A great horror held Philip Despard spell-bound as he watched her slow progress. It seemed as if she would step on and on into the yawning gulf which had so nearly been his own grave. But when the little feet stood on the last step, she paused with a bewildered look on her face as if trying to recollect something. Then there was a little low laugh of relief, and Despard heard her say—

"Ah! I remember!"

She put down the lamp and turned to the side of the entry. Then came the grating screech of rusty iron, and the drawbridge moved from its upright position against the wall, and slowly sank until it formed a path across the fosse. The next instant Philip was at her side.

He wondered at his own lack of amazement, that he should scarcely feel it strange that she should be there, or that she should greet him with the frank happy smile of old days.

"I knew you were in great danger, dear," she said softly, "but I could not come to you without my ring—your ring, Philip—and it had been put away to go back to you with your letters when you returned to England."

He stooped and kissed the slender circlet of gold with its shimmering opals on the little hand.

"Why did you ever take it off, Gertie?" he asked. His heart seemed to stop beating as he waited her answer.

"Because"—she stopped and a

troubled look came on her face—"because you told Mrs. Gottfield that I had worried you into our engagement, and that you were weary of me." The words came slowly from her lips without a shade of anger or resentment, as if she were repeating an oft-told tale.

Philip Despard felt his heart bound



"I AM COMING, PHILIP," SAID A VOICE "

suddenly as he listened. This then was the secret; a few words spoken in laughing jest, distorted and malignantly retailed by the feminine spite of a jealous woman, had so nearly wrecked the happiness of two lives.

"It is false! false as hell!" he cried





"AND A YEAR LATER THEY WERE MARRIED"

passionately. "Tell me you believe me, Gertie."

She spoke as if she had not heard him.

"How cold it is," she said, with a little shiver. "The danger is past, I must go now."

Taking up the lamp, she passed before him up the winding stair down which she had come. At first, he could see her white robe flitting ghost-like before him; then she quickened her pace, and he lost sight of her. When two minutes later he came out into the grey light of the early dawn at the base of the ruined tower and looked eagerly around him, he was alone.

### III.

Two days later, a hansom stopped at No. 7, Lister Gardens, and Philip Despard dashed up the steps. The butler shook his head doubtfully. "Miss Gertrude was not in," he believed. But Despard was not to be denied, and slipping past the old man, he entered the drawing-room unannounced. Fortune favoured him, for Gertrude Barton was there with her sister Elsie. She rose when he entered.

"I am sorry you troubled to call, Mr. Despard," she said icily. "Mamma is out, and I am afraid you must excuse Elsie and myself as we have an engagement," and she moved as if she would quit the room.

But Mr. Despard showed no sign of standing away from the door. He had resolved to take the situation by storm.

"I had hoped," he said quietly, "that when you found my ring on your finger yesterday morning, you would not have taken it off again."

The girl he addressed uttered a little cry of astonishment, and caught hold of the back of a chair to steady herself, while her sister's great eyes grew rounder and rounder as she stared at the speaker. Then she caught an appealing look from Philip, and disregarding Gertrude's cry of "Elsie! Elsie!" rushed hurriedly from the room, he making way for her with suspicious politeness.

Ten minutes passed, and the listening Elsie heard her sister run upstairs to her room, and waylaid her as she came out. Like a flash, Gertrude's hands went behind her back.

"You little wretch, to desert me like that," she said.

"Oh, you dear Gertie! I am so glad!" was the inconsequent answer; and Elsie Barton danced round her sister until she saw the opals gleaming in their wonted place.

And a year later they were married.

Mr. Philip Despard is not perhaps the great novelist which Mrs. Despard believes him to be; but his books please the public, and were his real name to be written here, my readers, who have doubtless read his last book, and are looking forward to reading his next, would admit that this is so.

What that real name is may not be told; for this is a true story, which is probably the reason why it is such an improbable one. One hint only may be given. If any curious person knows a leading novelist whose pretty wife keeps among her treasures a faded photograph of herself, the lower corners of which are scorched as by fire, he need seek no further.





FORTUN KIRKE

*From Photo by KUNDSSEN, Bergen*

## *Norway Ever New*

WRITTEN BY K. F. PURDON.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS.

**T**HE present generation is pre-eminently a restless one. It is related of the Athenians, two thousand years ago, that they spent their time in nothing else but to hear, or to tell, some new thing. The nineteenth century has made an advance upon that. We are not content with discussing novelties, but we insist on going to see them for ourselves. We rush about till it is not easy to find a spot of earth untrodden by the foot of the ubiquitous globe-trotter. We are always wanting to move; and the law that demand creates supply is forcibly illustrated by the travelling facilities of the present day.

Norway, lying within arm's length, so to speak, of the island empire she has

helped to people, has long since become a happy hunting ground for holiday-makers; and this is not surprising. But it is a matter of legitimate wonder, that having been for the last quarter of a century walked over, and driven and biked through, and yachted around, to excess, old Norway over the foam should yet retain, in addition to the attractions she shares with other lands of mountain, vale, and shaggy wood, a certain perennial youthfulness peculiar to herself. For, to the eye of the observant tourist, Norway, old in the history of the human race, as well as of the earth, contrives still each year to invest herself anew with a charming air of juvenile freshness and vigour.

Vegetation, it is true, renews itself all over the world every spring. But it

does so, in these northern regions, seemingly by an almost instantaneous burst into life and beauty. Truly

'Tis the touch of a fairy hand,  
That wakes the spring in our Northern land.

Poetic license apart, spring comes here with a haste and vigour quite amazing. There is a sudden outburst of the energy repressed during the long trance of winter. Each plant seems to recognise the necessity of making the best possible use of its one long day. Wild-flowers spring up, appearing in reckless brilliancy and profusion close to shady

more favoured climes. And the frequent showers, the moist atmosphere, the very spray from the innumerable waterfalls—all have their share in maintaining the youth of this land of fresh romantic beauty.

To visit it, many means are now available. Undoubtedly the most enjoyable is by a cruise along the coast. A passage in an ordinary pleasure-steamer is good enough. The size and stability of the vessels almost preclude the possibility of sea-sickness, and there is an absence of the personal responsibility



NÆREFJORDEN

*From Photo by K. KUNDSSEN, Bergen*

nooks where ice and snow still linger. Such traces of winter serve but to enhance the peculiarly clear and vivid colouring of the Norwegian flora. It is for *savants* to pronounce upon the theory upheld by amateur botanists, that this same colouring is the result of the many consecutive hours of sunshine the plants enjoy here, out of the twenty-four.

Their day being a short one, leaves and flowers and grass have not time to grow brown and shabby in Norway, as they do in what we are pleased to call

and general chanciness inseparable from a private yacht.

But the North Sea makes choppy sailing. One is generally sufficiently miserable on approaching Norway to appreciate a cheery welcome; and the primitive salute of waving hats and joyous shouts that greet the tourist from crag, and *saler* hut, and every coign of vantage, is decidedly gratifying.

Human nature is such that every son and daughter of Adam is flattered by being made to feel important. Perhaps

hospitality, and perhaps policy, have equal share in the genial, obliging manner of Norway's pleasant folk, with whom one is dimly conscious of a subtle sense of kinship.

Was it not Mr. Bumble who said of a certain wild and rainy night, that it seemed "specially sent for muffins"? In like manner the Inner Lead along the Norwegian coast may be said to have been specially sent for the timid tourist.

This Inner Lead is a water-way lying between the mainland and a long, sheltering chain of islets, called the "Skjergaard," extending from Lindesnes to the North Cape. A wonderful natural breakwater these islets form, bearing the brunt of storm and wave from the Arctic and North-

Atlantic oceans. Along the inshore route, thus protected, the great pleasure steamers glide, over a surface as smooth as the proverbial millpond. Here and there, they diverge from the direct course to sail round the beautiful fjords that run far inland up between the mountains. Sometimes the passage is so narrow that a little ahead the cliffs seem to meet, and form an impenetrable barrier. But as the vessel approaches the great wall of rock an opening discloses itself, as if an "Open Sesame" had been uttered. A narrow channel appears

Opening on the foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Again the wonderful panorama unfolds itself, always varied, yet always made up of the same elements. Stu-



FORGHATTEN

From Photo by K. KUNDSEN, Bergen



pendous cliffs towering up to heights as vast as the depths of water from which they rise—woods of hazel, and oak, and birch, with tender, exquisitely-tinted foliage—waterfalls flinging themselves down. The inspiration for that perfect lyric,

The splendour falls from castle walls,  
might have been drawn from the vision  
presented in the Romsdal, for the rocks  
there over which

The wild cataract leaps in glory,  
might readily be mistaken for ruined  
strongholds. This would be the poet's

In the "Tramp Abroad," Mark Twain introduces us to Alpine farms so small and so steep that the cultivators thereof were obliged to be very wary lest they should fall out of their holdings. Such catastrophes are quite possible in Norway, on the "eagle nest" farms, and to avoid accident the children are tethered. Strange must be the life in the lonely farmhouses around the cliffs that overhang the Geiranger Fjord. They are perched at heights from 2,000 to 4,000 feet above the water, a fearful precipice in front and a mountain wilderness behind. Yet, down the face



TROMSO

*From Photo by AXEL, Lindal*

view. Each eye can see only what its owner brings with him, however, and the world without is coloured for each of us by the world within—our own personality. The geologist has no illusions about what he pronounces to be stratified rocks, however much they may resemble ancient masonry. The misty veils of falling water suggest to the gay young beauty a length of chiffon such as she winds round her pretty throat; to her prosaic mother, a streak of powdered sugar!

of those awful cliffs lies their only means of communication with the outer world. Boats, built above, are let down by means of ropes, and carefully protected in boathouses near the water's edge. The launch of a boat from such a height, with unskilled labour, is a marvel of patience and ingenuity, and so is the winding track by which access is gained to it.

Apart from these little peculiarities, life on a Norwegian farm is by no means all skittles and beer. Haymaking, for



LOFOTEN ISLANDS

instance, with meadows no bigger than an ordinary dining room, though it may seem like child's play, is a very serious thing; for every head of clover, every blade of grass, has its appreciable value where there is so little of either. Instinctively one learns the careful, native habit of avoiding treading even on the herbage that borders the road.

As soon as the mountains afford pasturage, the cows are sent up on them to feed, that the grass in the valleys may have a chance of growing, and be saved for the precious winter fodder. It is short, and full of flowers. It is cut in handfuls, wherever a tuft shows itself, and hung on hurdles to dry—like a week's washing. This thrifty plan has a double purpose. It hastens the process of haymaking and also avoids any delay, even of a few hours, which would be caused to the second growth, if the cut grass were spread on the meadow to dry.

To the ordinary observer it is not easy to decide where one holding ends and another begins. No fences are visible, they would take up too much

good farming land. But they are orderly folk, these descendants of the old Vikings, and no disputes arise.

A primitive mode of transport is seen here, resembling that in vogue in California and other Western States, for conveying ore away from the mines, to which no road or railway runs. A stout wire is stretched down over the side of the mountain, and along this, slung by ropes, bundles of hay, cheeses, cans of milk, and so forth, are sent from the *saters*, or mountain farms, to the valleys below.

Hammerfest is remarkable as possessing the highest latitude and the most evil smells of any town in the world. It has been used as a post of observation by English and Russian, as well as Norwegian men of science. A matter of more general interest is that the great manufactory of cod liver oil is placed here.

The fish are caught at Lofoten, a wild, dreary group of mountain islets. There the fishermen only make a summer encampment, although there is a settled population of about 4,000 souls.

Terrible dangers attend the boats. The passages between the islets are narrow and winding, and the sea rushes through them with great fury. One of the worst has long been known as the Maelström, or Grinding Stream, and, although in calm weather it may freely be floated over or bathed in, when the wind is from the west and the tide is rising, it well sustains its dreadful reputation.

The fishermen, when a boat upsets, have a practice of driving their knives into the little bark and holding on by them, in the hope of being picked up before their strength fails. But many a boat is washed ashore with only the knives left, to tell a grim story of despair and death.

The annual take of cod averages about twenty millions. The heads of the fish are cut off and used for manure, or boiled for fodder; the bodies are split open and dried, either on the rocks or hanging from poles.

The most precious part—the livers—are brought in barrels to Hammerfest. There, after various processes of boiling and fermenting, the famous oil is drawn off.

Appearances are deceitful. The liquid is clear, and at the first glance closely resembles green Chartreuse. The illusion is heightened, not only by the custom of offering it to visitors in a glass,

but by the unction with which the owner, to avoid waste, tosses off the declined dainty himself. |

One of the pleasantest of the many pleasant reminiscences left by a tour in Norway is that of driving in the quaint, elegant little native *carrioles* and *stollkarres*. Between the sturdy, willing ponies and the little lads who drive them an excellent understanding exists. The distances they cover and the pace they maintain are something amazing. But they are never beaten. There is none of the cruelty that mars the enjoyment of driving in many other lovely lands, notably in France and Spain. These Norwegian ponies are never urged furiously up hill and down dale; they may stop when they choose to drink from the wooden spouts which convey the water from mountain streams to the roadside for the use of man and beast. This custom is quite opposed to British traditions of the stable; yet broken wind is an unknown evil here.

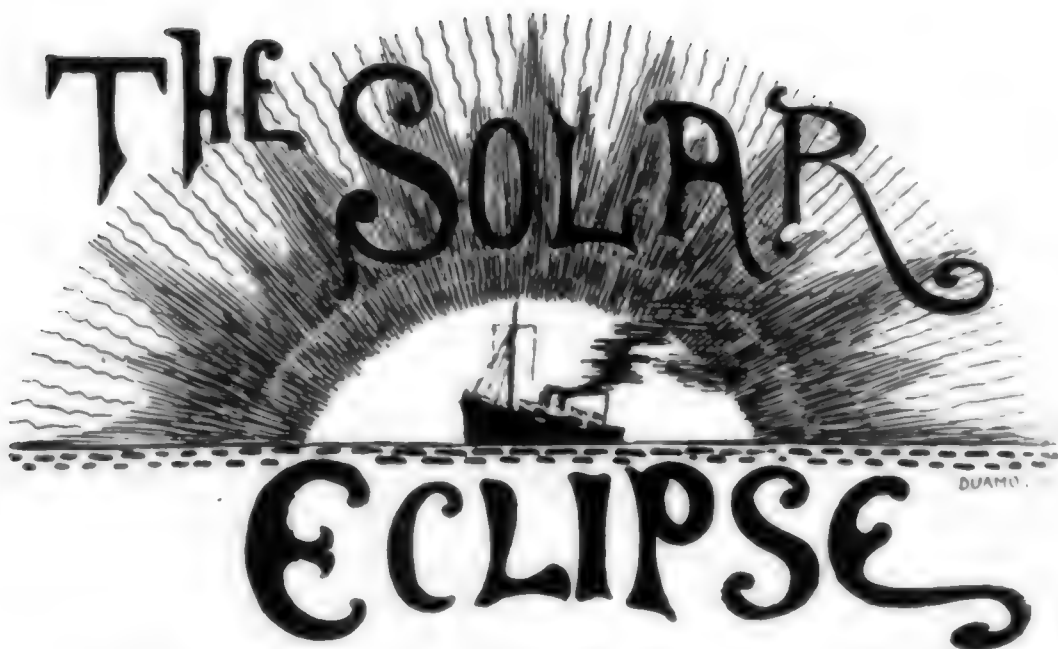
This description applies to the less-trodden tracks. We are apt to speak of cruelty as "savage"; but in Norway, at least, one is forced to associate it with civilisation, for in the neighbourhood of the large towns horse-flesh fares not much better than with us—a curious comment on the enlightenment of progress and humanity.



KARRIOLE

From Photo by AXEL Lindall

# THE SOLAR ECLIPSE



WRITTEN BY ANDREW MERRY. ILLUSTRATED BY DUAMOT

**M**ARTHA! Mary! *Did* you ever hear such nonsense? Joshua is thinking of passing the winter months out of England! The man grows more exasperating and stupid daily!" Lady Stern darted a fiery glance at her lord and master, who feebly strove to hide himself behind a copy of the *Times* which he was making a vain pretence of perusing. "Perhaps, if you, his sisters, speak to him he'll listen to reason. Of course he won't believe a word his *wife* says!"

The Right Honourable Joshua Stern—Head of the Preservation of Public Morals Office, and Member of Her Majesty's Privy Council, at whose frown the Permanent Staff in the great Government Office where he ruled supreme, trembled, and at whose nod the supernumerary clerks waxed sore afraid—quailed palpably when he met the basilic glitter of his helpmate's eye, and to hide his confusion energetically greeted his two sisters, who had just entered the room.

"Good morning, Martha. Morning, Mary. You find us—Bridget and me—just talking over a little plan I have made—and, I fear dear Bridget is a trifle upset."

"What's wrong?" inquired Miss Martha Stern tersely. She sat down by the breakfast-table and began to open her letters.

"Wrong?" snapped her sister-in-law, everything! Look at your brother."

The Misses Stern simultaneously placed single eyeglasses in their right eyes and examined the shrinking Privy Councillor carefully.

"Looks a bit nervous!" remarked Martha.

"A trifle off colour," added Mary.

"I will not be stared at like a—like a——"

"Freak at Barnum's?" his sister Martha cut him short. "Well out with it—what is wrong with you, Joshua? No, let him tell his own story, Bridget, and if you will give us some coffee we will both be much obliged."

Lady Stern subsided amongst her tea-cups, giving vent to her feelings in a series of indignant snorts. Those who had the privilege of knowing the statesman's family, declared positively that Lady Stern was afraid of no one in the world except her husband's eldest sister, whilst as for Miss Martha Stern, she would have willingly faced the Enemy of Mankind himself, and put him to flight too!

Sir Joshua Stern wiped his scantily fringed forehead with his bandana, and strengthened by the moral support his sisters' presence ensured him, began.

"You see, I was just telling my wife that I must have a change. I'm getting hipped, Martha, and as Mary remarked just now in the forcible language of the day, I *am* decidedly 'off colour.' Well, I've every right to a holiday—I've secured a pair for the Session, and all my arrangements are made for going to—"

"Where are you going? Monte Carlo? Just to give Bridget a chance of showing her latest gowns? I know she is always wanting to go there, but I thought you disapproved of gambling," Martha interrupted. "What about the Nonconformist Conscience, Bridget, which first put Joshua into Parliament? What about his Anti-tobacco, Anti-gambling and anti-lots of other things Leagues?"

"Bridget! Gowns! Anti-gambling! Leagues! God forbid! I mean Heaven defend me from Monte Carlo! I've told my wife a dozen times I can't and won't go there—certainly not with *her*. No, Bridget, don't begin again. Let me tell the girls all the whole case."

The "girls"—Miss Mary would never see forty again, and Martha was a year or twolder—came to their brother's rescue.

"Give the man a chance, Bridget," said Mary, her deep contralto making her brother's rather high-pitched falsetto voice sound weak and thin in comparison.

"One at a time," added Martha, judicially, buttering her hot bread with a generous hand.

"I want a real holiday; one for myself," the Privy Councillor went on desperately. "I want to go away—alone!"

"He doesn't want his wife! You hear that? It's no holiday when I'm there, I suppose?"

"No, it is no holiday—for me! What am I but a baggage-clerk, walking-stick, dog-boy, swearing-block!—to all you women!"

"Joshua!"

Three voices rang out in varying keys of remonstrance.

"Oh, it's all very well to say 'Joshua'

like that. It's true! And I'm tired of it all—tired of my work, tired of my home, tired of my life! So I mean to have a thorough change, and I'm going by myself to see the Solar Eclipse!"

"Where's that?" asked Martha.

"What's that?" demanded Mary in the same breath.

"Oh, it's somewhere in India," explained Lady Stern, much acidity sharpening her naturally thin and rasping voice. "A tract of land—printed black on a map in the *Times* yesterday, with plenty of towns in it all ending in 'Bad.' I think the whole plan is 'Bad' as far as Joshua is concerned. I will never consent to it—never."

Her husband stared hopelessly at his two sisters.

"Let me go," he implored, with clasped hands and shaking voice. "Make her let me go, Martha. I'm a broken man if I have to stand much more of her, of it, I mean—Mary. I shall go mad, and—and bite her and bark in the face of Deputations if I don't get a rest. I know I shall! Why only yesterday—last night in the House—I spoke by mistake totally against the Righteous Red Herring Right-across-the-path Policy, to which we are pledged as a Government, instead of supporting it to the echo. I am breaking down, I am, indeed I am"—his words were lost in inarticulate whimperings.

Martha looked at Mary, and Mary at Martha, then both with eyebrows raised gazed first at their brother and then at their brother's wife.

Sir Joshua Stern pulled himself together with a great effort and walked over to the fireplace.

He was a medium-sized man of middle age, his hair growing thin on the temples and inclined to greyness, and his beard, which was carefully shaved into a ring round his chin, also a little grizzly. He wore no moustache, and his rather long nose and high cheekbones ensured him a personality which laid him open to easy caricaturing by every facile pencil.

Mr. Gladstone's collars were hardly better known to the general public than Sir Joshua Stern's elongated nose and Newgate fringe, for no statesman of



modern times was more readily turned into ridicule or open to absolutely libellous representations, which, indeed, flooded the comic journals.

"It's very hard," began Lady Stern, "I have tried to do my best by Joshua. I never allowed anything I thought wrong in him to pass unreprieved——"

"Never!" echoed her spouse emphatically, with a hollow laugh.

"I have told him of his faults——"

"You have indeed!" This time the sinner groaned deeply.

things secure before Lady Stern could again change her mind, Sir Joshua ordered his private brougham at once, intending to drive off then and there and secure himself a berth on board a P. & O.

As he drove along, the Privy Councillor's mind was busy with a project that had come to him rather as an inspiration. Could he not cease for these five months he was away to be himself? He was so terribly tired of the Right Honourable Sir Joshua Stern, K.C.B.,



"JOSHUA!" THREE VOICES RANG OUT

"I have warned him of his failings——"

"Very true!"

"And now my reward is that he wishes to take the first long holiday he has had for years, without me, his loving wife."

"Let him go," advised Miss Stern, "he'll come back the better for his trip."

"And we'll take a run down to Monte Carlo with you," suggested Miss Mary.

So it was settled, and anxious to make

etc., etc., and of the black frock coat and official modes of speech and action belonging to the Head of the Preservation of Public Morals Department. Must his buttonhole for ever gape with scraps of white, blue, and other parti-coloured ribbons, each denoting an anti-something? The air of Exeter Hall, where, in his capacity of President of so many Leagues, he so often stood, the cynosure of all eyes, stank in his nostrils: the strongest ginger-pop his butler poured foaming into his glass tasted flat

and insipid in his mouth; and he felt ready to play pitch-and-toss with the very street Arabs for farthings! Could he not discard his old life for a time, like a garment he was wearied of, and for these four or five months be free? What was to prevent his taking a *nom de voyage*, and travelling incognito?

When the Privy Councillor left the Shipping Office, he felt rather like a man who has committed murder, but unlike most blood-thirsty criminals, an absolutely boyish joy filled his middle-aged heart, and he found himself rubbing his hands, cracking his finger-joints, and even whistling in his extreme satisfaction.

Mindful of his carefully initialled linen, he had engaged a berth in the name of Mr. John Smith, and as Mr. John Smith did Sir Joshua Stern set sail upon the well-known steamer "Uru-guay."

He had dovetailed in his arrangements with the practised duplicity of a candid politician, and concealed his purposes from his wife with all the artful subterfuges always ready to the mind of a truly loving husband. A visit to a barber's shop removed what his own scissors had left of his well-known Newgate fringe, and a tweed suit, quite sporting in its cut, aided the transformation.

But it was not until the steamer had left England well in her wake that Sir Joshua—alias Mr. John Smith—really began to enjoy his liberty.

To the general run of the passengers on the big P. and O., the voyage out was not one of very great interest. There were the ordinary amusements of a passenger vessel; the inevitable theatricals; the equally unavoidable fancy-dress ball. A few ports of call were touched at and no unusual ships were sighted, or dangers experienced during those uneventful three weeks.

The Captain, a Royal Navy Reserve man, who sported military moustache, a double-barrelled name, and an affected lisp, told his hackneyed sea yarns, interspersed with yet more tiresome and long-winded stories of his "People" and his "People's" place. The Chief Officer made love to the only eligible girl on board, as was his right, leaving the

penniless nobodies for his subordinates, and the Doctor attached himself to a roving widow with a rolling eye, who was reputed to be rich and reckless. A few subalterns rushed into mad engagements with man-eating maidens—these usually accepted them on the "Until-I-get-anything-better" system—in fact, all the incidents of the voyage were those of a hundred-and-one other voyages, but for one startling fact.

"Mr. John Smith" fell head over ears in love for the first time in his life.

It began—the tender passion was kindled—when she asked him did "he calculate to eat red pepper in his soup?"

It was fanned when—this time with an intoxicating glance—she guessed he "didn't catch on that she was a spinster."

It grew apace when she sent her brother for her "shower-stick," and graciously permitted "Mr. John Smith" to shade her lovely little face from the too ardent kisses of the amorous sun.

And it burst into flame one moonlight night when, with her little fingers lying lightly upon his arm, "Mr. John Smith" paced the deck discoursing sweet nothings in a style and with a fluency that would have considerably astonished Lady Stern could she have overheard him.

Miss Arryanna Vernon and her brother, Mr. George Washington Vernon were engaged in making a tour round the world, as befitted young and well-to-do Americans.

They "opined they'd done Ur-rope to a turn, and did not consider any parts outside Lun-dun and Par-rus great shakes."

Now they were pursuing their researches into the mysterious East, and intended to work round *viâ* Australia and China to their native land.

Miss Arryanna possessed all the attractions of her race, and it was not long before she discovered the secret, hidden, as he imagined, deeply in the breast of "Mr. John Smith."

Indeed, it was pretty patent to all and sundry. The tell-tale flushes that crept up to his very eyelids, when he wished her good morning, the painful shadows that played round his carefully shaven lips if she allowed any other man to take



"TO SHADE HER LOVELY LITTLE FACE"

his accustomed place by her side, the pathetic yearning in his pale blue eyes as he watched her and the more favoured swain pacing the deck together, all told with almost laughable plainness the story of his unutterable folly.

Miss Arryanna played with him to her heart's content, exhibiting all the graceful cruelty of a kitten amusing itself by torturing a maimed and half-dazed mouse.

One moment her soft, little hands would completely turn his head by their lingering pressure, the next, a brilliant glance from her speaking eyes would send the attenuated blood in his veins dancing madly through heart and brain. Her round, rosy cheeks broke into ceaseless dimples and sunny smiles for one

half hour, the next she would draw the Privy Councillor's very soul from his body by fluttering eyelids, half-parted lips, and quick, little breaths pulsating with love and passion. Some women, pure enough in mind and matter maybe, have a faculty for acting Delilah to the life, and "Mr. John Smith" found morally that his hair was clipped very short by the subtle fingers of this idle child.

The affair, "Smith and Vernon," afforded some amusement to those of the other passengers who, through age or infirmity of body or temper, were not engrossed in any mild intrigue of their own, but to no one on board did it cause such infinite delight and merriment as to Miss Arryanna Vernon her-

self and her brother Mr. George Washington Vernon.

In the privacy of his sister's cabin, or whenever they were alone, the lad and maiden whispered the latest developments to each other, and laughed until the tears rolled down their faces, then they took counsel together in dark corners and laid yet more deadly traps for the susceptible statesman's heart.

And Mr. John Smith seemed quite to have forgotten that other and more important personality which lay at present quiescent in his past, which must in the near future arise and force him to recall all that he now refused to consider or respect.

Never before in the Statesman's whole career had Love come into his heart. His marriage had been one of expediency, his life, before and after, the irreproachable blank of a cold-blooded man. No children had appeared to warm into life the atrophising affections which lay dormant in his breast, and his feeling for his sisters could hardly be classed as a soul absorbing passion.

In the hands of the little witch who had ensnared him the Privy Councillor proved most complaisant wax; no schoolboy in the first fever of calf love went through more phases of rapture and despair than the unfortunate man. He was to be found with knitted brows and bitten finger-nails composing poetry, odes, and sonnets which he bashfully gave to his adored one—and that young lady, practised flirt though she was, found herself actually blushing over some of his inspired verse. "Erotic" but faintly described the emanations from the love-sick Minister's brain, and, probably as the direct result of too much suppression, his thoughts, now they did find vent, were so unequivocal that the poems of the unhappily moribund Savoy, and such-like highly-coloured publications, would have paled into insignificance before the ardour of this latter-day bard.

His incognito had proved perfect, no one on board seemed to have pierced the outer man of gay and amorous bachelor, or discovered the inner anti-everything highly starched "Personage" hidden behind the checkboard tweed suit, when he played poker and drank

whisky until the early hours of the morning in the smoking-room.

Once Miss Arryanna had given him a bad quarter of an hour when she turned the conversation into political channels, and actually described hearing him make one of his most famous speeches.

"Yes it's a fact!" she said. "That Sir Jos-hu-a Stern, he's a straight *clean* man! My! Just to hear him lash that other Parliament-man, the one you know was co-respondent in the great Hayward case. 'No man is fitted to rule his country,' says Sir Jos-hu-a, 'who spends his energy in serving the unholy trinity of Vice,—Intemperance, Gambling, and Immorality!' There wasn't a dry eye in the little box you Britishers shut us women up in—it's a fact! Not one dry eye!"

Mr. John Smith squirmed uncomfortably in his deck chair.

"I think the fellow goes too far," he began. "It's always well to avoid extremes, you know. The just mean of Aristotle is best."

"Say now, Mr. Smith, did you ever speak to Sir Jos-hu-a Stern?" inquired the fair American, lazily leaning back and observing her companion through half closed, heavily curtained eyelids.

"Well—I have met him, but he is not a man I should ever care to know much about."

"And his wife now? What is she like? I opine she is a very big lady, isn't she?"

"Oh, she's big enough"—his wife's ample proportions rose before his mind's eye. "But if you mean, is she a success in society, in my opinion she is much too disagreeable a woman ever to be that."

"Is she now? I'm curious, because some Amurricans I know of went to her once with letters of introduction—perhaps though, you heard the story?"

"Not I," laughed Mr. John Smith, puffing his big cigar with great enjoyment. "I never see more of the woman than I can possibly help, I really hardly know her."

"Well, as I was saying, these Amurricans called, and left the letters of introduction, and Lady Stern, she just took no notice. No, sir, not so much as a card or a line. However,

that's not much interest to us, is it? Let's talk of ourselves! Now what would you propose as a nice improving topic, Mr. Smith? What shall we discuss?"

Mr. John Smith edged his deck chair an inch or two nearer the fair speaker, and bending forward the better to gaze into the limpid and seemingly innocent depths of the girl's eyes, he replied boldly.

"Let us talk about love!"

Time after time the thermometer of conversation would rise to this fever-heat, and then by consummate tact the fair American would lead it against his will into safer channels, leaving him a prey to the whole gamut of doubt and uncertainty, and sending him desperate and miserable to the novel occupation of stringing sonorous rhymes.

But if the Privy Councillor had proved himself to be a weak man in his dealings with Lady Stern, in his new character he certainly could not be accused of vacillation or want of courage.

He decided to lay himself and as much of his fortune as he might hope to secure, at the feet of Miss Arryanna Vernon without further delay. In the character of Mr. John Smith he would marry her, and Sir Joshua Stern might disappear for ever from this wicked world, unregretted and unmissed by him at any rate.

But once this astounding determination was made, he found it extremely hard to make a fitting time and opportunity for his proposals to be laid before the lady most concerned.

Mr. George Washington Vernon developed a habit of sitting at his sister's elbow, and even the fair Arryanna seemed less inclined for gentle dallyings than of yore.

At last, favoured by Fate, he caught the object of his affections alone on deck after dinner one night, her brother having left her side to fetch his cigarette case.

Never in his most virgin days in Parliament did Joshua find such difficulty in putting into words all that was swelling up, half choking him, in his throat.

He trembled and panted and sobbed in his vehemence, but just as he was

fairly started, ill-luck overtook him, and the curly head of the male representative of the family Vernon, re-appeared upon the scene.

Joshua was in despair. He clutched his charmer's hand with desperate clawing fingers.

"May I write it all to you to-night?" he whispered, and to his immense delight, he was answered by a little nod of permission and a smile that revealed endless dimples and the edges of even white teeth, before Miss Vernon and her brother turned away together.

On the wings of love Joshua flew to his cabin, he seized his stylographic pen, and for several minutes its soft scratchings were the only sounds to be heard above the swish of the water at the side of the vessel.

All the long pent-up flood of emotions in the man's heart seemed to break loose at once, and to gather together in one overwhelming wave of passion which carried him far beyond the reach of the voice of conscience and the calls of duty.

He wrote and wrote, page after page, filled with never-ending variations of the one theme. Then he read it through carefully, signed it, and folding the letter placed it in an envelope, which he sealed. Once he had despatched his epistle by a steward to Miss Vernon's cabin, he felt more at ease, and going up on to the now almost tenantless deck, he paced to and fro under the brilliant tropical sky, happy as he had never been before in all his life, or ever would be again.

When at last he retired to his cabin he told one of the stewards to call him early. The vessel would be coming into port about mid-day, the man told him, but as Joshua had made an appointment to meet Miss Vernon directly after breakfast in the presumably empty boudoir saloon, the intelligence did not affect him.

After a restless and feverish night, the Privy Councillor rose to the new day on which his fate was to be decided. He dressed himself with scrupulous care, and hurried through his breakfast. Of course, his first glance in the saloon was in *her* direction. Miss Arryanna and Vernon nodded with such bright saluta-



tions to him that he felt the glad tell-tale colour rush into his cheeks.

At the appointed time Joshua stood waiting in the small saloon, which to his great delight, he had found unoccupied.

grin was hovering around the corners of Mr. George Washington's mouth.

Perhaps Arryanna had told him all, thought Joshua, and this new look was in anticipation of congratulations as prospective brother-in-law,



"THEN HE READ IT THOUGH CAREFULLY"

After a few minutes of agonised suspense, Miss Vernon came in, but, to the Minister's disgust, her brother accompanied her.

The young lady was looking particularly bright and smiling, and a decided

The Privy Councillor took a step forward to greet his love, but at her first words he stood rooted to the floor, a frozen look of incredulous horror stealing into his face.

"Good morning, Sir Jos-hu-a Stern,"



"GOOD MORNING, SIR JOSHUA STERN"

said Miss Vernon again. "I guess you don't seem so pleased to see me now as one would expect the writer of this letter to be?"

She held up one from a bundle of papers in her hand.

Sir Joshua Stern was dumb; he waited with arrested heart-beats for the blows he *knew* were coming.

"You're pretty surprised to be called by your own name, Sir Jos-hu-a Stern," young Vernon broke in; "but, bless you, Arry and I knew you the moment you stepped on board.

The listener shivered, but still attempted no reply.

"Yes, that's a fact, we knew you from the first. It didn't need this."

Miss Vernon spread out the letter he had written the night before, and held it before his staring eyes that he might read the signature—

"Your devoted and ever-loving lover,  
"JOSHUA STERN."

"It did not need this to tell us who you were. Next time you take on an *alias*, Mr. John Smith, mind and re-

member it when you sign your name in a hurry."

At this point George Washington Vernon exploded with laughter, but his sister quelled his merriment with an angry glance.

"I had not heard you speak for nothing, Sir Jos-hu-a. In the first place, when your wife declined our acquaintance—yes, it was we—I determined I'd get even with her some day, and when you began to follow me round, I saw my revenge to my hand. Lady Stern will be a mighty sorry woman the day this, and this, and this"—she held out some of the most epithalamic sonnets he had penned—"are published in the papers. She'll be sorry then she did not take the trouble to be—well, just civil! I dare say, by the way, all

that part was not your fault," the pitiless young voice went on; "but I think when a man of your professions comes on board this boat, and with a wife of his own left at home, tries to steal my young affections, that man deserves to be punished—it's a fact. Now, as to your public life, don't you distress yourself, Sir Jos-hu-a. We all know when a man drinks whisky, plays poker until all's blue, and would like to indulge in other things—well, not *strictly* proper—he is *not* a fit person to serve his country. But don't *you* be uneasy, you'll never be able to try to again. Once the full story of this voyage, and your poems, and your letter are published simultaneously in New York and in Lundun, there'll be a vacancy in the Ministry for the Preservation of Public Morals, and an empty chair on the Exeter Hall platform, I *think*. Good day, Sir Jos-hu-a."

The brother and sister bowed gravely and left the room, whilst their victim, reeling like a drunken man, tumbled into his own cabin.

Half-an-hour later Sir Joshua faced

his shaving-glass, an open razor on the little table before him, and a pen held nervously in his hand.

His complexion looked grey and phantom-like to his own eyes, when he caught a passing glimpse of himself in the mirror, his cheeks standing out gaunt and hollow, his long nose white and pinched. Deep lines had sprung into prominence, and curious new shadows indicated wrinkled skin and shrunken muscles. His grey hair lay in dank wisps where his nervous fingers had passed unwittingly through it, and the flesh of his face seemed to have grown flabby and unwholesome all in a moment.

There was only one thing to be done, he decided, and he meant to do it thoroughly and quickly!

The hollow-ground razor shining in a glint of light from the port-hole caught his frightened glance, and a tremor ran through his whole frame. He knew he was a coward, he *knew* that he feared to face—what was now inevitable—but even as a timid mouse will bite to the bone, with desperate courage, the fingers dragging it from its cage, so his shaking hand would find the necessary strength to cut deep when the rapidly nearing moment for action came.

He found himself shuddering violently when he thought of all the unspeakable horror round such a death, picturing the quick turn of the wrist, the gurgling sound, the inert figure falling extended across the little table, then the drip, drip, drip of the oozing blood, and the rapidly widening stain on the cabin floor.

But first he must write to his wife. His nerveless fingers could hardly hold his stylographic pen, and when he tried to form words only meaningless scrawls showed on the white surface of the paper.

At last he managed to scribble,

"My Dear Wife."

Then he paused to think.

What should he say? How account for his apparently mad actions?

Mad? Would not that be the best excuse possible. He must appear mad, write like a madman, and then perhaps

those accursed poems and his letter might be put down merely as corroborative signs of mental aberration.

Who could it be knocking at his door? He never seemed to have a moment to himself, and now could not even die without interruption.

He threw down the sheet of paper over the open razor, and called out querulously,

"Come in."

Mr. George Washington Vernon opened the door and, entering the cabin, closed it carefully behind him.

The tortured man standing at the edge of eternity waved him away with a hoarse cry of angry remonstrance.

"Look here, old feller," the American lad began soothingly, noticing the elder man's terrible agitation, "don't get yer frills out. It's this way. Sister wants me to give you these. See, your own letter, and all the poetry. Count it over and be sure yourself it's all there. It was only make-believe; we never *really* meant to play such a low-down trick on you. Only, you see, you did deserve a little lesson, and you must admit you *are* old enough to know better! Will you shake a hand on it? There's a boat sailing back to England soon after we get into port. You go by it, old feller. See? Shake again! Lay it there, and don't you forget it!"

\* \* \* \*

Six weeks after Sir Joshua Stern had left England, he re-entered, unexpected and unannounced, his own drawing-room.

Lady Stern and his two sisters, who had only returned from Monte Carlo a few days before, greeted his appearance by a simultaneous shriek of astonishment.

"I've come home," he began humbly.

"So we see," said his sister Martha.

"What on earth for?" added Mary.

"And what about the Solar Eclipse, has it even begun?" cried his wife.

Sir Joshua Stern passed his hand over his forehead and smoothed away a sudden line of pain before he replied,

"You are wrong, my dear, the Solar Eclipse is over—for me—and I know to my cost that it was indeed a Total Eclipse."



CLOCKMAKING DEPARTMENT

## *Where Lord Kelvin's Instruments are Made*

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY  
FOR *THE LUDGATE*

**I**T is now almost fifty years since the late James White, on the strong recommendation of Lord Kelvin, (then Mr. William Thomson) founded the business which still bears his name, and during the last half century the workshops of this firm, under the instructions of the grand old man of science, have been the birthplace of instruments and apparatus which have affected the history of the entire world.

It is, therefore, no wonder that situations as apprentices are eagerly sought after and difficult to obtain.

Having obtained such a situation, a boy soon finds he has his work cut out

for him to become a full-fledged journeyman optician, as instrument makers are pleased to style themselves.

He is required to begin work at six a.m., and spends the early morning hours in doing his share, along with about a dozen others, in sweeping the various flats, collecting brass dust, and looking over the sweepings, in case anything of value may have been accidentally swept away.

Breakfast over, he spends his time in going messages and making himself generally useful; i.e., holding himself in readiness to do anything a boy can do without being specially taught.

After a little while in the Cleansing Department, but always in regular rota-

tion, boys are promoted to a bench (technically called a board) and vice in one of the flats, where they learn how to file and handle tools generally. After some time at the vice, an apprentice will, perhaps, be sent to make terminals, or screws, or other small turned parts, in quantities, after which he will finish his seven years' apprenticeship working under various journeymen, making and finishing complete instruments.

Altogether it is an extremely interesting occupation, and one which any thinking lad can never weary of.

So much has been said and written of the value of Lord Kelvin's discoveries and inventions, that they have become, in a manner, household words, but the general public know little or nothing of the care and trouble that is expended on every small detail of a new instrument, before it is finally placed on the market.

Lord Kelvin is no impulsive jumper at conclusions. Everything must be proved to be mathematically correct, before he will move a step further.

His methods of work seem to be as follows:—

As the result of previous knowledge, he receives an inspiration, thinks it over, recognises its possibility, and starts to establish its truth. Immediately, a rough sketch is made, instructions given to a workman of the experimental staff, who starts blindly to follow his instructions and make something he does not know the name of. The result, as might be expected, is not exactly beautiful to look upon, but there must be no slipshod work about it. Everything must be accurately and well made in all its working principles, but without any degree of finish. Lord Kelvin now comes to inspect it. He picks out half a dozen faults in as many minutes, decides to lengthen this, shorten that, replace a flat spring with a spiral, and finally expresses himself as "perfectly satisfied."

Not every inventor would feel "perfectly satisfied" when the result of many weeks of skilled labour has to be broken up and thrown into the scrap-box, but Lord Kelvin really means what he says. He has scored again.

His inspiration has been proved possible and correct; after this the rest comes easy.

From the very beginning no thought is given to expediency in the matter of material, or methods of work; everything must be of the best, and made exactly to instructions. Wire or rod of special section may have to be drawn, a new mixture of metals may have to be invented, and the workman may be called upon to do something he deemed impossible. However, experiment and perseverance work wonders, and ultimately the new instrument is perfected.

It is casually mentioned in the scientific papers, and later, in more popular periodicals, and the egotistical dabbler in science remarks, "Awfully simple, wonder why I never thought of it myself? Not much in my line, of course." Lord Kelvin's "line" is anything—from a household water-tap, to an apparatus for weighing electricity.

Visitors to the establishment of James White are struck with the want of show and frontage attraction they naturally expected in a firm doing such a large business; but it is a trite saying that



ROUNDING OUT BINNACLE DOME WITH ROUND FACED HAMMERS



"Good wine needs no bush." The firm employs no traveller, yet the orders continue to come in with the regularity of clockwork.

The works have a floor space of 34,000 square feet, are five stories high, and lighted throughout by electricity. All the flats are lofty and well ventilated.

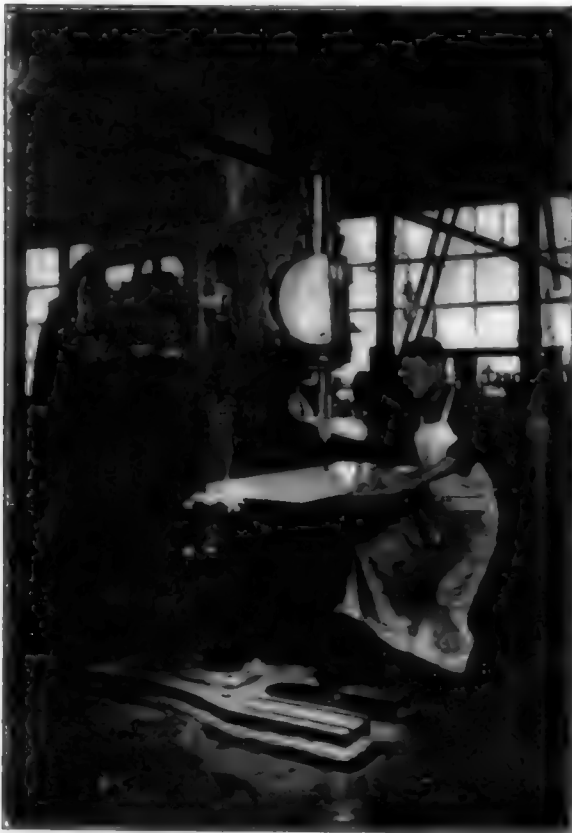
The front ground floor is devoted to offices and showrooms. Behind these is a splendidly equipped laboratory, with a large staff of electrical experts, who are responsible for the standardising of all electrical instruments made by the firm.

On the first floor are situate the joiners, cabinet-makers and polishers, employed on the woodwork of the various instruments, such as binnacle stands, sounding machines, etc.

The second flat, as it occupies the central position, is the seat of management. In one wing is the drawing office and experimental flat, immediately under the foreman's eye, while the other wing contains most of the



FINISHING BINNACLE STAND



BORING MARBLE SLABS FOR SWITCH-BOARDS

heavy machinery. At one end, heavy lathes are alternately screeching and groaning over large cast-iron drums, while at the other end the universal milling machines may be seen making coils by cutting spiral grooves in copper tubes, or performing any of the thousand and one operations they are capable of. A little further on, and the visitor imagines himself in a churchyard or monumental sculptor's, with marble slabs on every side. They are building switchboards here, and marble is a peculiarly suitable material for this purpose. It is a good insulator, is fire-proof, and looks extremely well when covered with finely lacquered, brass and copper instruments, relieved here and there with black vulcanite or ebony handles. Marble, however, has a successful rival in slate, japanned black and polished.

In this flat also, the drums of sounding machines are filled with galvanised steel piano wire. The coil of wire, about 1,200 feet long, is dropped on a conical revolving pedestal, from which

it is led round an automatic measuring apparatus and wound on its own drum ready for use in the sounding machine.

The story is told, in connection with this instrument, that one day while Sir William Thomson was experimenting with some samples of wire his friend the late Mr. Joule, of Manchester, dropped in and asked what the piano wire was for. Being told it was for sounding, he asked, "What note is it meant to sound?" Whereupon Sir William, whose keen sense of humour is well known, immediately replied, "The deep sea."

With this instrument it is not necessary to slacken the vessel's speed, and soundings can be taken at least six times as often as by the old method; so that, even in the densest fog, a vessel can proceed on her way while the officers are continually pricking off her position on the chart.

On the third floor the noisy binnacle-makers are at work. Here the newspaper men, insurance and advertising agents, and bores of every description are interviewed. It must be a little disconcerting for these gentlemen to have to state their business amid the continuous rattle of spring hammers and punching machines, while a score of lusty fellows are busy pounding away on brass binnacle domes with large round-faced hammers. After arriving at the state depicted in the illustration, the binnacle dome is passed through convex and concave rollers, which effectually smooth out the dimples and creases; a large and slightly

hollow disc, called the "crown," is then dovetailed and brazed into it, when, after a prolonged hammering with smooth, flat-faced hammers, it is ready to be turned and finished in the lathe.

In the front wing of this flat a great number of instruments are built and finished, after the machined parts have been done elsewhere. Foremost among these comes the syphon recorder, the instrument to which, properly speaking, submarine telegraphy owes its commercial success. Before its invention cablegrams were received in a darkened room, where the operator watched the oscillations of a small spot of light on a fixed scale. This, of course, was very trying to the nerves of the telegraphists, and, as no permanent record was made, mistakes were of common occurrence. In the syphon recorder the message is permanently traced on a narrow ribbon of paper, which is fed out by clockwork at a regular and adjustable speed. The syphon is a piece of very fine capillary glass tube, the short end of which is suspended

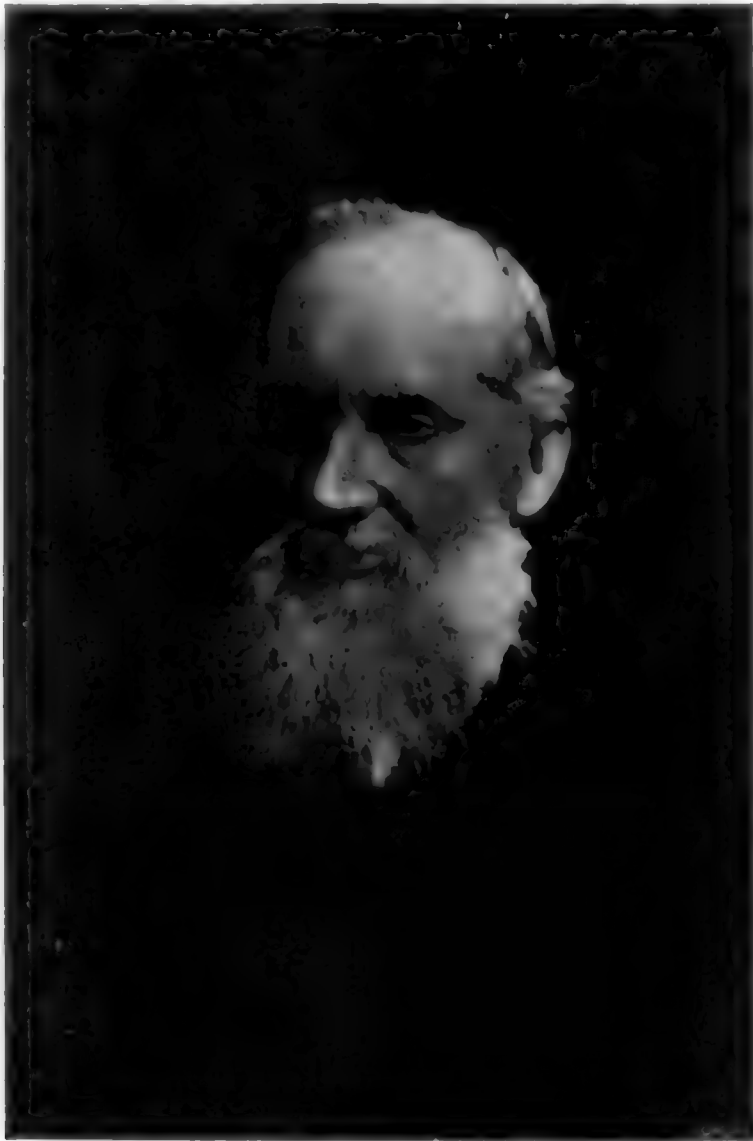
in an ink-well, leaving the long end free to oscillate over the paper ribbon. Attached to the syphon tube, and suspended by a very fine thread of gossamer silk, is an oblong coil of fine wire, which, as it receives positive or negative electric impulses, rotates freely to right or left, in the field of a powerful magnet, thus causing wave-lines to right and left on the paper ribbon. The right and left wave-lines, of course, represent the dots and dashes of the ordinary telegraph alphabet. In our illustration the workman is test-



TESTING SYPHON RECORDER

ing a new recorder by sending a message through a resistance equal to two Atlantic cables, the current being supplied by a single sulphate of copper cell. This is one of the unalterable rules of the firm, that all instruments receive a much more severe test than they can ever have in actual use.

of having stepped into an enormous beehive. Circular saws are screeching, as bundles of brass rods are cut into suitable lengths for handling, and automatic lathes are turning out screws, actually by the bushel, while an automatic counting apparatus records each one as it drops.



LORD KELVIN

Last, but certainly not least, in point of interest, comes the top flat, where terminals, screws, etc., are made. A large electro-motor near the door supplies the power, and its whizz and subdued hum, coupled with the rapid and almost insect-like movements of dozens of young lads, gives one the impression

This is a flat of which the management are justifiably proud, inasmuch as they are able to turn out better work, and at a cheaper rate, than firms whose entire speciality is this class of work, the reason being that the tools employed have been, for the most part, originated by the firm, and are

particularly suitable for the class of work done.

Someone has said that "Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains," and this is well borne out in Lord Kelvin's methods of dealing with a difficult invention, and reflected in the manner in which the firm of James White persevere in attaining the best method of working a certain material, or performing a certain operation. The experience of nearly half a century has shown them that this is the only way to perfection, and what is, perhaps, more important in these days of keen competition, that it pays best in the end.

At other divisions of this flat are a small shop full of girls, working chiefly in glass tube, the Japanning Department, and the Clockmaking Department. Here are made all kinds of time-recording apparatus, from the tiniest timepiece to turret clocks and sundials. There is always a good show of ships' chronometers in to be repaired, new ones with special features are being made, and, of course, there are numerous electrical recording instruments made by the firm, in which time is one of the factors to be considered. In the illustration (p. 148) a number of things like condensed milk cans will be seen on the shelves, these are the time-drums of recording ampère meters. Besides these are made recording water-level gauges (a modification of the tide gauge), recording Watt meters, and a host of others. Altogether the telegraphic address of the firm ("Meter") seems to be well chosen.

At one end of the japanning shop, in order to be as far away as possible from vibration, noise, dust, and other disturbing influences, are a couple of engraving machines, made by a famous firm of English opticians. The work done by these machines far surpasses for neatness and accuracy any hand engraving. This is a necessary qualification when one remembers that many of the engraved articles, such as fine scales, etc., are never used but under a magnifying glass of high power.

A very delicate operation of the glass tube workers is drawing capillary tube for the syphon recorder. The manner in which this is done is pretty well illustrated in the photograph. A



DRAWING CAPILLARY TUBE

suitable tube, of good quality, is heated at a blow-pipe to a white heat and the semi-molten portion is then carefully drawn out by being attached to a large revolving drum. After a sufficient quantity has been drawn out it is taken off the drum and cut into suitable lengths. It is then calibrated and arranged in bundles according to its diameter. As various sizes are required, and the utmost care is taken in the drawing, there is little or no waste, but a novice at the business would not remain long in good health if the baker's rule of "eat all you spoil" were put into operation.

In an adjoining building on the level of the second flat is the Store, where all material is kept, and the Coil Winding Department. In the latter, an expert staff of girls daily convert miles of silk-covered, or otherwise insulated, wire into coils of every size and every shape, yet a permanent record is kept of every inch used, for this is an operation where any mistake would spell ruin. The recording arrangements

are purely mechanical and automatic. The wire is led from a bobbin over a wheel, the circumference of which is exactly one yard. Geared to the spindle of this wheel is a clockwork, with a dial indicating yards in units, tens, hundreds, etc., like a gas meter. The wire is then wound on its own bobbin or some temporary support, whose revolutions are recorded on a small counter, forming one of the centres on which the coil revolves. Immediately a coil is finished, the length of wire used, its thickness, and the number of turns are written on a label and attached to the coil, so that

no mistake can possibly occur which would cause trouble when the instrument comes to be standardised.

The Winding Department terminates our tour of inspection, and though, if space permitted, much more interesting matter could be found, enough has perhaps been said to prove, as has already been stated, that it is an extremely interesting occupation.

In fact, should the present writer ever become a millionaire, he will, for pure love of the thing, continue to work "where Lord Kelvin's instruments are made."



MR. DAVID REID, MANAGING PARTNER

*From Photo by STUART, Glasgow*





ILLUSTRATED BY HUTTON MITCHELL.

**D**URING the last year of his reign, it was a common thing for Mazarin to repair to the masques given by the King at the Louvre.

In a long domino, the ample folds of which cloaked his tall, lean figure beyond all recognition, it was his custom to mingle in the crowd—all unconscious of his presence—in the hope of gleaning through the channels of court gossip some serviceable information.

These visits to the Louvre were kept a profound secret from all save Monsieur André, the valet who dressed him, and myself, the captain of his guards, who escorted him.

It was usual upon such occasions for the Cardinal to retire to his own apartments, under the pretence of desiring to be a-bed at an earlier hour. Once screened from the gaze of the curious, he would prepare for the ball, and when he was ready, André would summon me from the ante-chamber. On the night in question, however, I was startled out of the reverie into which I had lapsed whilst watching two pages throwing at dice and discussing the arts of the practice, by the Cardinal's own voice uttering my name:

"Monsieur de Cavaignac."

At the sound of the rasping voice, which plainly told me that his Eminence was out of humour, one of the lads sat precipitately upon the dice, to hide from his master's eyes the unholy nature of their pastime, whilst I, astonished at the irregularity of the proceedings, turned sharply round and made a profound obeisance.

One glance at Mazarin told me there was trouble. An angry flush was upon his sallow face, and his eyes glittered in a strange, discomfiting manner, whilst his jewelled fingers tugged nervously at the long pointed beard which he still wore, after the fashion of the days of his late Majesty, Louis XIII.

"Follow me, Monsieur," he said; whereupon, respecting his mood, I lifted my sword to prevent its clanking, and passed into the study, which divided the bedroom from the ante-chamber.

Suppressing, with masterly self-control, the anger that swelled within him, Mazarin held out to me a strip of paper.

"Read," he said laconically, as if afraid to trust his voice with more.

Taking the paper as I was bid, I gazed earnestly at it, and marvelled to myself whether the Cardinal's dotage was upon him, for, stare as I would, I could detect no writing.

Noting my perplexity, Mazarin took

a heavy silver candlestick from the table, and placing himself at my side, held it so as to throw a strong light upon the paper. Wonderingly, I examined it afresh, and discovered this time the faint impression of such characters as might have been written with a pencil upon

slowness, set down the candlestick and snatched the paper from my hand.

"You have seen?" he asked.

"Not all, your eminence," I replied.

"Then I will read it to you; listen."

And in a slightly shaken monotone he read out to me the following words:—



"‘READ,’ HE SAID LACONICALLY”

another sheet placed over the one that I now held.

With infinite pains, and awed at what I read, I had contrived to master the meaning of the first two lines, when the Cardinal, growing impatient at my

"The Italian goes disguised to-night to attend the King's masque. He will arrive at ten, wearing a black silk domino and a red vizor."

Slowly he folded the document, and then, turning his sharp eyes upon me,

"Of course," he said, "you do not know the handwriting; but I am well acquainted with it; it is that of my valet, André."

"It is a gross breach of confidence, if you are certain that it alludes to your Eminence," I ventured, timidly.

"A breach of confidence, Chevalier!" he cried in derision. "A breach of confidence! I took you for a wiser man. Does this message suggest nothing more than a breach of confidence to you?"

I started, aghast, as his meaning dawned upon me, and noting this,

"Ah, I see that it does," he said, with a curious smile. "Well, what do you say now?"

"I scarcely like to word my thoughts, Monseigneur," I answered.

"Then I will word them for you," he retorted. "There is a conspiracy afoot."

"God forbid!" I cried, then added quickly, "Impossible! your Eminence is too well beloved."

"Pish!" he answered, with a frown; "you forget, de Cavaignac, this is the Palais Mazarin, and not the Louvre. We need no courtiers here."

"Twas but the truth I spoke, Monseigneur," I expostulated.

"Enough!" he exclaimed, "we are wasting time. I am assured that he is in league with one, or may be more, foul knaves of his kidney, whose purpose it is—well, what is the usual purpose of a conspiracy?"

"Your Eminence!" I cried, in horror.

"Well?" he said, coldly, and with a slight elevation of the eyebrows.

"Pardon me for suggesting that you may be in error. What evidence is there to show that you are the person to whom that note alludes?"

He gazed at me in undisguised astonishment, and may-be pity, at my dulness.

"Does it not say, '*the Italian*'?"

"But then, Monseigneur, pardon me again, you are not the only Italian in Paris; there are several at court—Botilani, del'Asta de Agostini, Magnani. Are these not all Italians? Is it not possible that the note refers to one of them?"

"Do you think so?" he inquired, raising his eyebrows.

"*Ma foi*, I see no reason why it should not."

"But does it not occur to you that in such a case there would be little need for mystery? Why should not André have mentioned his name?"

"The course of leaving out the name appears to me, if Monseigneur will permit me to say so, an equally desirable one, whether the party conspired against, be your Eminence or a court fop."

"You argue well," he answered, with a chilling sneer. "But come with me, de Cavaignac, and I will set such an argument before your eyes as can leave no doubt in your mind. *Venez.*"

Obediently I followed him through the white and gold folding-doors into his bedroom. He walked slowly across the apartment, and pulling aside the curtains he pointed to a long black silk domino lying across the bed; then, putting out his hand, he drew forth a scarlet mask and held it up to the light, so that I might clearly see its colour.

"Are you assured?" he asked.

I was indeed! Whatever doubts there may have been in my mind as to Monsieur André's treachery were now utterly dispelled by this overwhelming proof.

Having communicated my opinion to his Eminence, I awaited, in silence, his commands.

For some moments he paced the room slowly with bent head and toying with his beard. At last he stopped.

"I have sent that knave André upon a mission that will keep him engaged for some moments yet. Upon his return I shall endeavour to discover the name of his accomplice, or rather," he added scornfully, "of his master. I half-suspect—" he began, then suddenly turning to me, "Can you think of any one, Cavaignac?" he enquired.

I hastened to assure him that I could not, whereat he shrugged his shoulders in a manner meant to express the value he set upon my astuteness.

"*Ohimé!*" he cried bitterly, "how unenviable is my position. Traitors and conspirators in my very house, and none to guard me against them!"

"Your Eminence!" I exclaimed, almost indignantly, for this imputation to one who had served him as I had done was cruel and unjust.

He shot a sharp glance at me from under his puckered brows, then softening suddenly, as he saw the look upon my face, he came over to where I stood, and placing his soft white hand upon my shoulder,

"Forgive me, Cavaignac," he said gently, "forgive me, my friend, I have wronged you. I know that you are true and faithful—and the words I spoke were wrung from me by bitterness at the thought that one upon whom I have heaped favours should so betray me—probably," he added bitterly, "for the sake of a few paltry *pistoles*, even as Iscariot betrayed his Master.

"I have so few friends, Cavaignac," he went on, in a tone of passing sadness, "so few that I cannot afford to quarrel with the only one of whom I am certain. There are many who fear me; many who cringe to me, knowing that I have the power to make or break them—but none who love me. And yet I am envied!" and he broke into a short bitter laugh. "Envied. 'There goes the true King of France' say noble and simple, as they doff their hats and bow low before the great and puissant Cardinal Mazarin. They forget my fortes but they denounce my foibles, and envying, they malign me, for malice is ever the favourite mask of envy. They envy me, a lonely old man amid all the courtiers who cringe like curs about me. Ah; Cavaignac, 'twas wisely said by that wise man, the late Cardinal Richelieu, that often those whom the world most envies, stand most in need of pity."

"I was deeply moved by his words and by the low tone, now sad, now fierce, in which they were delivered—for it was unusual for Mazarin to say so much in a breath, and I knew that Andre's treachery must have stricken him sorely.

It was not for me to endeavour by argument to convince him that he was in error; moreover, I knew full well that all he said was true, and being no lisping courtier, to whom the art of falsehood comes as naturally as that of breathing, but a blunt soldier who spoke but what was in my heart, I held my peace.

With those keen eyes of his he read

what was in my mind; taking me by the hand, he pressed it warmly.

"Thanks, my friend, thanks!" he murmured, "you at least are true, true as the steel you wear and honour, and so long as this weak hand of mine can sway men's fortunes, so long as I live, you shall not be forgotten. But go now, Cavaignac, leave me; André may return at any moment, and it would awaken his suspicions to find you here, for there are none so suspicious as traitors. Await my orders in the ante-chamber, as usual.

"But is it safe to leave your Eminence alone with him?" I cried, in some concern.

He laughed softly.

"Think you the knave is eager to enjoy the gibbet he has earned at Mont-faucon?" he said. "Nay, have no fear, it will not come to violence."

"A rat at bay is a dangerous foe," I answered.

"I know, I know," he replied, and so I have taken my precautions—unnecessary as I think them—*voyez!*" and as he opened his scarlet robe I beheld the glitter of a shirt of mail beneath.

"'Tis well," I replied, and, bowing, I withdrew.

In the dark and silent ante-chamber—for the pages and their ungodly toys were gone when I returned—I paced slowly to and fro, musing sadly over all that the Cardinal had said, and cursing in my heart that dog André. So bitter did I feel towards the villainous traitor, that, when at the end of half an hour I beheld him standing before me with a false smile upon his pale countenance, it was only by an effort that I refrained from striking him.

"Here is your domino, Monsieur de Cavaignac," he said, placing a long dark garment upon a chair back.

"Is his Eminence ready?" I inquired, in a surly tone. As my tone was usually a surly one, there was no reason why it should affect André upon this occasion; nor did it.

"His Eminence is almost ready," he replied. "He wishes you to wait in the study."

This was unusual and set me thinking. The conclusion I arrived at was that Mazarin had not yet opened his cam-



"‘HERE IS YOUR DOMINO’"

paign against the luckless servant, but wished to have me within call when he did so.

Without a word to André I unbuckled my sword, as was my custom, and begged him to take it to my room, since I should have no further use for it that night.

"I cannot, Monsieur de Cavaignac," he answered; "you will pardon me, but his Eminence desired me to return at once. He is feeling slightly indisposed, and wishes me to accompany him to the Louvre to-night."

I was surprised indeed, but I did not betray myself by so much as a look. The ways of the Cardinal were strange and unfathomable, especially where justice was concerned, and I was well accustomed to them.

"Indeed!" I replied, gravely. "I trust that it prove nothing serious."

"God forbid!" cried the hypocrite, as he held the door for me to pass into the study; "think, Monsieur de Cavaignac, think what a loss it would be to France if anything were to happen to Monseigneur."

He crossed himself devoutly and his lips moved as if in prayer.

And I, infected by his pious mood, offered up a prayer to heaven with him, a prayer as fervent as any that my heart had ever formed, a prayer that the torturers might have his weakly body to toy with, before it was finally consigned to the hangman at Montfaucon.

When he had left me in the study, I leisurely donned the domino that he had brought me, and judging by what I knew must be taking place within the bedchamber that I should have to wait some little time, I seated myself and listened attentively for any sounds that might pierce the tapestried walls.

But strain my ears as I would, all that I caught was a piteous wail of the words:

"*Je le jure!*" followed by the Cardinal's laugh—so dreadful, so pitiless, so condemning—and the one word, "Forsworn!" then all became silent again.

I accounted for this by the knowledge that the Cardinal seldom raised, but rather lowered his voice, when angered, whilst André, aware of my vicinity,



would probably take pains to keep his expostulations from my ears.

At length the door opened, and a figure emerged, clad in a black domino, the hood of which was so closely drawn over his head that I could not see whether he wore a mask or not. Behind him came another similarly clad, and so completely does a domino conceal the outlines of a figure that I did not know which was the Cardinal and which the valet, since they were both, more or less, of the same height. Nor, for that matter, would it have been possible to discern whether they were men or women.

"Are you there, Cavignac?" said Mazarin's voice."

"Here, your Eminence," I cried, springing up.

He who had spoken turned his face upon me, and a pair of eyes flashed at me through the holes of a scarlet mask.

I stood dumbfounded for a moment as I thought of the risk he was thus incurring. Then, remembering that he wore a shirt of mail, I grew easier in my mind.

I glanced at the other silent figure standing beside him with bent head, and wondered what had taken place. But I was given no time to waste in thinking, for as I rose—

"Come, Cavaignac," he said, "put on your mask and let us go." I obeyed him with that promptitude which twenty years of soldiering had taught me, and, throwing open the door of the antechamber, I led the way across to a certain panel with which I was well acquainted. A secret spring answered promptly to my touch, and the panel swung back, disclosing a steep and narrow flight of stairs.

Down this we proceeded swiftly, André first, for I cared not to risk being pushed, which would have entailed a broken neck. I followed close upon his heels, whilst the Cardinal brought up the rear. At the bottom I opened another secret door, and passing through, we emerged into the vestibule of a side and rarely-used entrance to the Palace Mazarin.

The next moment we stood in the silent and deserted street.

"Will you see if the carriage is waiting, Cavaignac," said the Cardinal.

I bowed, and was on the point of executing his command, when, laying his hand upon my arm—

"When we reach the Louvre," he said, "you will follow at a distance, lest by staying too close to me you should excite suspicion, and," he added, "on no account speak to me. Now see to the coach."

I walked rapidly to the corner of the Rue St Honoré, where I found an old-fashioned vehicle, such as is used by the better bourgeoisie, in waiting.

With a whistle I aroused the half-slumbering driver, and bidding him sharply hold himself in readiness, I returned to his Eminence.

In silence I followed the two masked figures down the dark, slippery street, for it had rained during the day, and the stones were damp and greasy. The old coachman stood aside for us to enter, little dreaming that the eyes that scanned him through the scarlet mask were those of the all-powerful Cardinal.

He whipped up his horses, and we started off at a snail's pace, accompanied by a plentiful rumbling and jolting, particularly distasteful to one accustomed, as I was, to the saddle.

It was not, however, a long drive to the Louvre, and I was soon relieved, as the coach came to a standstill in a by-street, as usual.

Alighting, I held my arm to the Cardinal, but, disregarding it, he stepped heavily to the ground unaided, followed by André, on whom I kept a sharp eye, lest the knave should attempt to run.

I followed them at a distance of some eight yards, as I had been ordered, marvelling as I went what could be the Cardinal's plan of action.

We elbowed our way through a noisy dirty rabble, whom a dozen of the King's Guards could scarcely keep from obstructing the side entrance—used only by privileged individuals—in their curiosity to see the fanciful costumes of the maskers.

It was close upon midnight when we entered the ball-room. His Majesty, I learnt, had already withdrawn, feeling slightly indisposed; therefore I concluded that if there was any serious

conspiracy afoot, the blow—which otherwise might have been restrained by the King's presence—could not be long in falling.

Scarcely had we advanced a dozen paces, when my attention was drawn to a tall, thin man, of good bearing, dressed after the fashion of a jester of the days of the third or fourth Henry. He wore a black velvet tunic, which descended to his knees, with a hood surmounted by a row of bells; it was open in front, disclosing a doublet of yellow silk heavily slashed with red. In keeping with this he wore one red and one yellow stocking, and long pointed shoes of untanned leather.

The suit of motley admirably became his tall, lithe figure, and, in the light of that night's events, I have often marvelled why he had chosen so conspicuous a disguise. At the time, however, I thought not of the figure he cut, but watched uneasily the manner in which he followed the Cardinal with his eyes, and, strange to tell, Mazarin returned his gaze with interest.

For some moments I observed his movements closely, and, certain that he was the man to whom André had betrayed his master's disguise, I drew instinctively nearer to the Cardinal.

Presently I lost sight of him in the glittering throng; then, as the musicians struck up a gay measure, the centre of the room was cleared for the dancers, and we were crushed rudely into a corner among the onlookers, he appeared suddenly before us once more.

His Eminence was just in front of me, and within arm's length of the jester; André stood motionless at my side, so motionless that I thought, for a moment, Mazarin must be mistaken.

There was a sudden lurch in the crowd, and, simultaneously, I heard a voice ring out loud and clear above the music, the hum of voices and the shuffling of the dancers' feet:

"Thus perish all traitors to the welfare of France!"

At the sound of those words, which sent a chill through my blood, I glanced quickly towards the jester and beheld the glitter of steel in his uplifted hand. Then, before any one could seize the murderer's arm, it had descended with

terrific force, and the knife was buried in the Cardinal's breast.

Heedless of the soft low laugh which escaped the Judas beside me, I stood horror-stricken, yet confident in my mind that the shirt of mail worn by Mazarin would have resisted the voignard.

As I saw him, however, fall backwards, without so much as a groan, into the arms of a bystander; as I saw the red blood spurt forth and spread in a great shiny stain upon the black domino, a wild inarticulate cry escaped my lips.

"Notre Dame!" I shrieked the next moment, "You have killed him!" And I would have sprung forward to seize the murderer, when suddenly a strong nervous hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a well-known voice, at the sound of which I stood as if bound by a spell, whispered in my ear:

"Silence, fool! Be still."

The music had ceased suddenly, the dancing had stopped and a funereal hush had fallen upon the throng as it pressed eagerly around the murdered man.

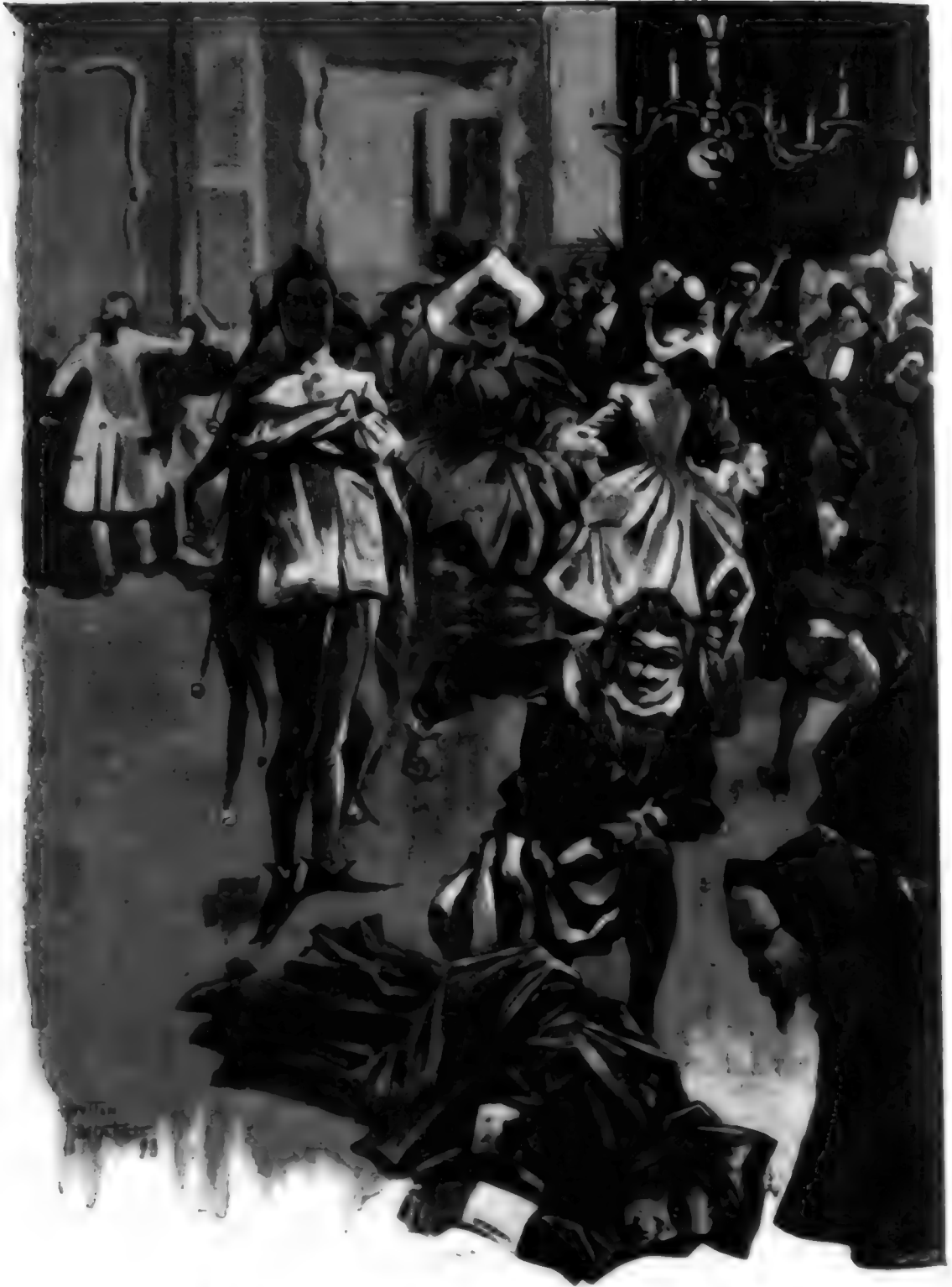
Contrary to my expectations, the assassin made no attempt to escape, but removing his vizor, he showed us the features of that notorious court bully, the Comte de St. Augère—a creature of the Prince de Condé. He folded his arms leisurely across his breast and stood regarding the silent crowd about him with a diabolical smile of scorn upon his thin lips.

Then, as a light gradually broke upon my mind, the masked figure beside me which I had hitherto regarded as André, moved swiftly forward and pulling back the hood from the head of the victim, removed the red mask.

I craned my neck and beheld, as I had expected, the pallid face of the valet set already in the unmistakable mould of the rigor mortis.

Presently a murmur went round the assembly breathing the words "The Cardinal!"

I looked up and saw Mazarin, erect, unmasked, and silent. From him I turned my eyes towards St. Augère; he had not yet met the Cardinal's gaze, and to him the whisper of the crowd had a different meaning; so he smiled



"HE FOLDED HIS ARMS LEISURELY ACROSS HIS BREAST"

on in his quiet scornful way until Mazarin awakened him to realities.

"Is this your handiwork, Monsieur de St. Augère?"

At the sound of that voice, so cold and terrible in its menace, the fellow

started violently; he turned to the Cardinal, a look of pitiable terror coming into his eyes. As their glances met, the one so stern and steady, the other furtive and craven, St. Augère seemed as one suddenly smitten with ague; he

darted a hurried glance at the victim, and as he beheld André, his face became as ashen as that of the corpse.

"You do not answer," Mazarin pursued; "there is no need, I saw the blow, and you still hold the dagger. You are I doubt not"—oh, the irony of his words!—"you are, I doubt not, surprised to see me here. But I heard of this and it was my intention to foil your purpose and to punish you, false noble that you are. Methinks, Monsieur, that you have wrought sufficient evil in your life without culminating it by so dastardly a deed as this. That you should have stooped to stab a poor defenceless valet, whom you considered below the dignity of your sword, this—fallen as you are—I had scarcely expected from one whose veins are fed by the blood of the St. Augères. And to think," he continued in accents of withering scorn, "that you should attempt to throw upon your deed the glamour of patriotism! What harm has this poor wretch done France? Speak up! have you naught to say?"

But rage, despair, and shame had choked the Count's utterance, and were fighting a mighty battle in his soul. So violent, that as the Cardinal paused to wait for his reply, his lips twitched convulsively for a moment, then, staggering forward he fell prone upon the ground, in a swoon.

"Call the guard, Monsieur de Cavaignac," said Mazarin to me. "That man has committed his last crime. A week in a dungeon of the Bastille and the companionship of a holy father, may fit him for a better life beyond the scaffold."

\* \* \*

"You see," said his Eminence, an hour later, as we stood alone in his study, "if I had allowed the world to

know for whom St. Augère's blow was intended, the world would have sympathised, as it always does, with a luckless conspirator; would, mayhap, have loved me less. Again, there are always fanatics ready to copy such acts as these, and had they known that what has ended in the death of an obscure valet was an attempt against the life of Mazarin—I am afraid that some murderer's knife would have cut short my existence before the appointed time.

"As it is," he went on, with a wave of the hand, "St. Augère meets the doom of a cowardly traitor; he dies, regretted by none, for a deed of surpassing loathsomeness. As for André, his death has been too easy."

"How comes it, Monseigneur," I asked, "that he gave no warning to his confederate, made no attempt to defend himself?"

"Can you not guess?" he said, smiling, "When I had forced the confession of his treason from him I bound his arms to his side and pressed a gag into his mouth, which I removed together with his mask."

"But the mask?" I cried.

Again he smiled.

"How dull you are; I changed it whilst you were seeing to the coach."

"Why did you conceal the fact from me, Monseigneur?" I cried. "Did you mistrust me?"

"No, no, not that," he said, "I thought it wiser; you might have betrayed my identity by a show of respect. But go, leave me, Cavaignac, it grows late."

I made my bow, and, as I retired, I heard him muttering to himself the words of St. Augère: "Thus perish all traitors to the welfare of France." And with a chuckle he added: "How little he guessed the truth of what he said."





THE LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA

## *Muffled Jubilee Bells :*

FRANCIS JOSEPH I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, 1848-1898.

WRITTEN BY A. DE BURGH. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS.

"The love of a people is a mighty support."—*Wilhelm Hauff.*

**M**ORE than a hundred years ago there reigned in Austria an Emperor, the son of the great Maria Teresa, who was so enlightened for his time that he was the most unpopular monarch in Europe. It is related that when spoken to by some of his courtiers about his making too free with his subjects, he replied, "If I may only commune with

those in my own station of life I must make my quarters the tomb of the Capucines" (the burial place of the Hapsburgs).

What the Emperor Joseph II. felt in the last century, Francis Joseph I. has to a great extent carried out in the present. He gave to his people the liberties of a constitution; he has destroyed feudalism, and made himself one of his own people; but there is this



difference that whilst Joseph II. was unpopular, Francis Joseph is immensely popular and beloved by his subjects.

It is sad that we have to begin to write our sketch in connection with the Jubilee of this enlightened and venerable monarch with an allusion to the death of his consort, who was murdered so cruelly last September in Geneva. What she was to him cannot be shown more clearly than by the Emperor's own words, spoken to the Hungarians in 1889: "How much I owe in these sad

lid, and breaking out in sobs, we need not say more on this subject.

The Emperor Francis Joseph I. was born in 1830, and when in 1848 the great Revolution broke out and compelled the then Emperor Ferdinand to abdicate, the young Prince was called upon to take the reins in his own hands and extricate the empire from the most momentous trouble in which it was involved, and set it on a footing where existence became again possible. It fell in a period shortly after this that an



PERISTYLE, ACHILLEN

days to my dearly beloved wife the Empress, what help she has been to me, I cannot describe in words; I can only thank Heaven that it was granted to me to have such a consort, and I wish to ask you to make it known wherever you are that she has been to me all in all during my life." When we then recall to our mind the poor, broken-hearted sovereign kneeling at the coffin of his dearest, kissing the

attempt on the life of the Emperor was made by a fanatic, and he was severely wounded by a knife-thrust in the back of his neck; it was the gold lace on the collar of his military uniform that saved his life. It is interesting for us to know that the equerry who accompanied the Emperor at the time, and who prevented a repetition of the dastardly attempt, was Count O'Donnell, a gentleman of Irish descent.

Unfortunately in the first years of the new Emperor's reign he was surrounded by counsellors who, accustomed to the old feudal régime, suppressed every feeling of liberality in the young Prince, and Jesuitism became paramount. In 1859, when Austria was attacked by Italy and France combined and was defeated at the great battle of Solferino, these false counsellors were discharged to make place for more enlightened men who saw that the dawn of liberty must come to full day. The constitution, which had been suspended to all intents and purposes, was again granted, but this also had a very short period of existence, and it was only the new disasters in 1866 when the power of Austria was crushed on the battle-fields of Bohemia that the eyes of the Emperor and his counsellors were opened, and Count Beust was made Chancellor of the Empire, and a new constitution, most liberal and far-reaching was given to the people who had been kept so long in fetters.

From this period dates the new era which has brought prosperity and happiness to the monarchy. The spirit of Joseph II. again appeared, and the Emperor himself fully entered into it and carried out the work of reformation to such an extent that Austro-Hungary to-day stands amongst those nations which may be called free and enlightened. In 1867 the Emperor suffered a heavy blow through the execution of his brother Maximilian who had accepted the crown of Mexico, and who, having been abandoned through Napoleon recalling Bazaine and his troops, was made prisoner by Juarez, and shot with his two principal generals on the plain of Queretaro.

But a still greater misfortune was to come. His only son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, a most promising young Prince, lost his life, in January, 1889, in a mysterious manner while staying with some friends at his shooting box near the capital. It is still an open question whether the Crown Prince committed suicide or was murdered. The blow was a terrible one, doubly terrible because the Emperor had not alone lost his son, but had also to be witness of the terrible sorrow this incident brought on his beloved wife, who from that time was said never to have been seen to smile, and retired almost entirely from Court and society. She buried herself at her palace on the island of Corfu, and came to Vienna very rarely. It is sad, indeed, that just at the time when the beloved Sovereign had decided to return to the capital to spend the Jubilee with



STAIRCASE AND TERRACE OF THE ACHILLEN

her venerable husband, she should have lost her life, and her home-coming should have been a funeral. So much has been said lately about this princess that we do not intend speaking of her here any further.

For us it must be specially interesting to know that there has always existed a very intimate friendship between our own reigning house and the Hapsburgs, and with Francis Joseph especially; he is one of the oldest Knights of the Garter; is Honorary Colonel of the 1st Dragoon Guards, and has had an opportunity of meeting our Queen not long ago in Innsbruck, the mountain capital of the Tyrol, whereto he had made a special journey for the purpose of paying his respects to Victoria, on her return to England from her annual sojourn abroad. The Prince of Wales, who holds the honorary rank of Colonel of one of the Austro-Hungarian hussar regiments, is a frequent guest at

Vienna, and another English prince, the Duke of Cumberland, whose wife is the sister of our own Princess of Wales, serves in the Austrian army and has his permanent residence in Gmunden, one of the most picturesque towns of the empire.

At the occasion of his Jubilee on the 2nd of this month, it may be befitting to show by authentic anecdotes the characteristics of this enlightened

sovereign. Above all, he possesses the highest sense of duty; he is entirely unselfish, and looks upon his people as his own family. When receiving on the 20th September last, the Mayor of Vienna, he replied to this functionary's speech in which he expressed condolence, that he felt "as if he were in the midst of a large family." It is his great tact which has kept together the empire, consisting as it does of so many different nationalities; for their jealousy of each

other makes it indeed a difficult task to reign over them justly. Francis Joseph is a devout Roman Catholic, but by no means a narrow-minded one. Religious liberty is granted to all, and amongst those he has specially honoured with his confidence are Protestants and Jews. It was said of the late Earl of Beaconsfield that he had a great power of discernment, and that one reason of his great success as an English statesman was that he understood how to



ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH

select the right man for the right place. We may say that this same quality is existing in the Austrian Emperor even to a greater extent. In his selection of prime ministers, of commanding generals, of intimate friends, he has been singularly happy, and with one or two exceptions it is agreed that he had chosen the very best men for the services for which they were intended.

Like most sovereigns of military



PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE IMPERIAL PALACE IN VIENNA

states, the Emperor is a thorough soldier. In the war of 1859, he was personally present in the battles of Magenta and Solferino, and fearlessly exposed himself to the bullets of the enemy. A reminiscence of those days will show his kindness of heart and his solicitude for his soldiers. On more than one occasion he commanded that all the provisions and wines that were contained in the Imperial field-kitchen should be given to the wounded, and he himself partook of the ordinary and simple fare of the privates. Through him the army and navy have been brought to great perfection, and although it is true that with the exception of the battles of Custoza and Lissa in 1866, there can be recorded no victories of the Austrian arms, this can be, partly at least, put down to the circumstance that his armies were always attacked by a combination of two great Powers. The long period of peace which followed the last disastrous war, the Emperor has nobly used to improve the social and

political position of the country over which he reigns. He has warmly attached to himself the Hungarians by granting them home rule, and he has ever endeavoured, more or less successfully, to improve the position of his subjects in every part of his vast empire.

The monarch is very frugal in his home life. He is an early riser and a great worker. In summer he leaves his room as early as four o'clock, contents himself with a five o'clock breakfast consisting of a cup of coffee, bread and butter and some cold meat. At noon he takes a luncheon consisting of soup and a slice of roast, and at three o'clock he dines. This, the principal meal, consists of soup, fish, two roasts, pudding and dessert. He likes beer, but partakes of it very sparingly. When he rises from the dinner table he has finished his eating for the day, and touches nothing more even when up to a late hour, but as a rule he retires to bed between nine and ten, and there is

no question that he owes to this moderate life his longevity and his splendid state of health. His favourite residence is the Castle of Schönbrunn near Vienna, or Gödölö in Hungary. It is said that Francis Joseph possesses more palaces and castles than any other reigning sovereign in the world. His residence in Vienna is an enormous block of buildings dating from various periods, and only a small part of it is entirely modern. The old Spanish etiquette prevails at Court; public functions are accompanied by great pomp, there is no more picturesque spectacle to be seen than the great procession on the day of Corpus Christi, or a great Court ball. The dresses of the Hungarian and Polish nobles are of great magnificence and surpass anything in our western countries, and the uniforms of the Guards, of the Knights of St. John, Knights of Malta, etc., etc., form a picture of great variety in colour for the eyes to behold. The Emperor himself is hardly ever seen otherwise

than in military attire; being Honorary Colonel of many of his own regiments, as also of many foreign ones, it is said that he has over seventy distinct uniforms which he may don. His recreations consist principally in chamois stalking; he is an excellent mountaineer and a first-class shot. In spite of his age (68) he is still a perfect horseman, and follows the manoeuvres of his army for hours and hours without showing the slightest fatigue. When moving amongst his people he is never surrounded by guards, but drives or walks or rides simply accompanied by an equerry, and can be seen and spoken to by any one who may wish an audience for the purpose of offering a petition, to thank him for a favour received, etc. As a matter of fact two hours every day are devoted entirely to the reception of those who wish to see him personally.

Amongst his greatest friends are the venerable King of Saxony, the Emperor William, and the Duke of Cumberland. The Prince of Wales is also on very



MIRAMARE





THE ROYAL RESIDENCE AT BUDA-PESTH

friendly terms with him. Amongst his subjects the men he perhaps trusted most, who were friends of his early youth, late his principal councillors and Prime Minister, were the late Count Taafe (Viscount Taafe in the Irish peerage) and Count Andrassy, who represented Austria at the great Peace Congress in Berlin.

It is not generally known that one branch of the ancient family of Hapsburg, who claim descent from the Cæsars, has made England its home. The Feildings, whose head is the Earl of Denbigh, are descendants from Rudolph of Hapsburg, and claim the title of Counts of the Roman Empire. The Earl of Denbigh represented, with Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Queen at the funeral ceremonies of the late Empress in Vienna in September last.

The heir to the throne is the eldest son of the Emperor's brother, and unfortunately, is not in possession of

a very robust constitution. He is unmarried, and in the case that he should have no heirs, the crown will come to the younger brother, Otto, who is not a popular member of the Imperial family. The future of the Empire is, therefore, in jeopardy, and the death of Francis Joseph may cause great changes in Austro-Hungary, which is at present one of the six great Powers of Europe.

It was hoped that the day of the Jubilee would be celebrated by great fêtes, in which all parts of the country should participate. The loyalty of the peoples is unquestionable and unimpeachable, and the Emperor may be called the most popular sovereign of any reigning to-day, but the sad occurrence of Geneva has, of course, put a stop to every festivity, and instead of joyful gaiety the day will be spent quietly and in sorrow.

Francis Joseph has been always a great patron of science, art, and litera-

ture, and his era has been distinguished especially by the marvellous works created in architecture. Vienna is to-day one of the finest of cities, and the Ringstrasse has no rival in the world. It contains all the great monumental buildings, the Houses of Parliament, Town Hall, University, Opera House, Theatre, Museums, and many others. There was also erected a perfect Gothic church, in remembrance of the attack upon the life of the Emperor forty-eight

present in the Austrian people has also been satisfied to the utmost extent by the calling to his Court of great musicians, and the Imperial Opera House has brought out all the great operas of modern times to perfection. The leader of the orchestra, Hans Richter, is well known in our own country. Austrian painters have made a great name for themselves, and we need only mention Hans Markart and Munkácsy. The University has produced



THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH I.

years ago, which is a monument of the greatest value and of exquisite beauty. It was built at an enormous cost by public subscription of the subjects of the Monarch, and was opened at the occasion of the silver wedding of the Emperor and late Empress in 1879. It was the present sovereign who also first recognised acting as an art, and it was he who was the first to ennoble actors.

The love of music which is so strongly

men of science, whose works are admired and read all through the world, and the Medical School especially is one of the finest known, and is much visited by Englishmen.

In short, the reign of Francis Joseph has been a thorough beneficent one, and could we draw a comparison between the Austria of 1848 and the Austria of 1898 we should see an absolutely marvellous contrast. The Constitution,

which has been frequently amended, is now an extremely liberal one, and, although during the last few years there has been a strong anti-Semitic movement taking place in Vienna and some other provincial towns, still there is no actual religious intolerance possible under the present régime, and the Emperor himself has called to the most responsible and highest positions in the Empire men of all religious denominations.

It is true that in some of the provinces the power of the Roman priests is still very great; however, the facilities of education are so universal that it is visibly diminishing from year to year.

There is always great interest taken in Court life, so we may mention that the Emperor, up to the time of the death of his consort, has entertained a great deal, and frequently honoured members of his family, of the aristocracy, or those in high positions in the State, with his presence at balls and parties. As we have already remarked that the late Empress had retired from society since 1889, he was generally assisted in entertaining by the Archduchess Maria

Teresa, or the Archduchess Otto; Crown Princess Stephanie, and her only daughter Elisabeth did not much participate in Court festivities, the widow preferring a more quiet life and seeing only a small circle of friends. At her residence, the Castle of Laxenburg, she is surrounded by only a few intimate friends, and she is fond of travelling; during this year she stayed for some weeks in the Isle of Wight.

We should have been glad, had we been able, at the occasion of the Jubilee of such a deserving sovereign, to speak of successes as a reward for the many works of benevolence and kindness the Emperor has carried out, and we feel with him the bitterness of the fate which has deprived him, just at the moment of this festive season, of the one who was all in all to him, and we can only hope he may find a consolation in the fact that he possesses in full the sympathy of the world, and especially of his people, who wept with him at the coffin of his wife and who have freely given him their love and veneration.





ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS KNIGHT

**O**UR new regiment was quartered at Nowshera, a small military station on the banks of the Kabul river. It was hot, dull, uninteresting, and built in a straight line between the river on one side and the road on the other. The church, I think, was perched on a little rising ground beyond the road, and so rather spoilt the beautiful simplicity of our straight lines.

The garrison in those days was composed of a British regiment, a Native cavalry and a Native infantry. To this latter regiment my husband had been lately transferred from the Frontier Force.

The dear, delightful, Frontier Force, where everybody seemed to belong to one large, gay, good-humoured family. We had been very loth to leave, but my husband's health had broken down completely, and there was no longer any choice in the matter. So we had come down to our Bengal regiment at Nowshera and felt ourselves outsiders—considerable outsiders.

Our new Commanding Officer was a large, heavy-featured man, with a liver and a temper. The second in command was a plump little creature with a bland, shiny face, an eye-glass, and a mild

stutter—fortunately his temper was as mild as his stutter. The two next seniors were absent on leave, but, besides the Adjutant and the Doctor, there was one other subaltern for duty, a smart young bachelor who played a capital game of whist—a game our new Commanding Officer was particularly devoted to.

The ladies of the regiment were away in the hills, and all the men dined at mess, excepting, of course, my husband.

We were settling down in a listless, half-hearted way, when an order came for some one to relieve the Fort Commandant at Michni, who was immediately proceeding on sick leave. To my disgust and astonishment, my newly-arrived husband was packed off at a couple of hours' notice. Our considerate Colonel was not going to have his nightly rubber interfered with if he could help it.

I could not manage to start with my husband, but resolved to follow him as soon as possible.

"There are quarters here for a whole regiment," he wrote, a few days later, "but I am the only white man; our nearest neighbours are at Fort Shubkhudar, eight or nine miles off. If you have quite decided to come, bring a supply of drinks, tinned provisions, and reading; also march your pony and

bamboo cart off without delay, and let me know when you start. I will come over the river to meet you."

So I took in my supplies, and with two servants, my spaniel, "Spot," and my revolver, I started off the next afternoon in a *Dak gharry* (for the railway was still under construction in the early eighties).

It was a hot, breathless afternoon in May, and the few hours' drive into Peshawar were pleasant enough and quite uneventful. We reached it in the evening, and found the *Dak Bungalow* crowded, so I had the choice of spending the night either in the *gharry* in which I had come or in an easy-chair in the verandah of the bungalow. I had elected for the easy-chair and the verandah, when my *khansama* (butler), a portly man with a presence, who had been absent during the discussion, came forward and asked me to dismount: "He had arranged for my comfort. Having a brother in authority, he had used his influence and got me the use of a *botel khana* (pantry about four yards square), and it was even now being prepared for my reception." It was flooded and swept out, and furnished with a bed, a chair, and a table, and I entered into possession, proudly marshalled by my influential *khansama*.

After a very fair dinner, I retired to rest; but rest was impossible without punkhas, and with the swarms of mosquitoes and sand-flies that fastened on to every exposed portion of face, neck, arms, hands, and even stockinged feet. Then the smells that lurked about that little square room—stale pickles, staler beer, stalest of water. They ought to have been swept away in the flooding I had superintended; but they had merely hidden away for a time, and soon began asserting themselves unpleasantly, and at last succeeded in driving me out between them. I dressed, even to putting on my gloves, and with a gauze veil tied over head and face, I stepped quietly over my sleeping servants—who had flung themselves outside my door—and carried a chair right out into the compound, where I sat to pass the hours as best I could till it was time to continue my journey.

The moonlight seemed to draw strange

odours from the sun-baked earth, and to invest the voices of the night with weird, uncanny meanings, even the baying of the bazaar pie-dog suggested a mournful signification, and the calls of the night-birds sounded like warnings. But even the moonlight could not clothe the sleepy *chowkedar* with romance, or disguise the uncouth noises he made to keep up his own pluck and scare away timid evil-doers.

So between dozing and making frantic but futile efforts to slay some of the more reckless and persevering of the mosquitoes that swarmed round me the night passed away, I appeared to have only just fallen into my first real sleep when the *Hubble Bubble* (water pipe), sounding from various quarters, roused me partially, and the voice of the *khansama* completed my awakening. My *chola hazrie* was ready, and my *dawk* had arrived.

The *dawk* in this instance consisted of an ancient, dirty, but roomy dogcart, with a forlorn, pink-nosed mare in the shafts, and a hairy, unclean, but good-humoured-looking Pathan as driver. I thought at first of driving myself, with "Spot" sharing the front seat with me, but the combined weight of the *khansama* and driver nearly pulled the mare off her feet; then I decided to leave both servants to follow with the baggage and the country cart, but the Pathan was still too heavy for the back seat, and eventually I had to let him come to the front and take the reins, and so we drove out of Peshawur, the greasy Pathan and I sitting side by side with only "Spot" in the back seat to chaperone us.

It was nearly six o'clock, but still fresh and cool, and we went off at a fine rattling pace. The road being fairly good, it was pleasant enough for the first hour or so, my driver asking many questions about the Sahib and his regiment and the ways of the *sirkhar* in general, and showing frank disapproval at my affection for my dog. Mahomedans consider dogs unclean, and seem to have a great aversion to them.

Half-way we changed horses, and then rattled on again, arriving at the river banks about 8.30. I was due at eight, and expected to find my husband



waiting, but there wasn't a soul in sight. Absolute, unbroken silence and desolation on this side, and across the broad river the Fort looked grim, silent, and deserted, too. With the naked eye we could see no movement anywhere. I told my driver to shout; he shouted himself hoarse, then, making a flag with his dirty turban and my sunshade, he stood up in the dogcart and waved frantically; but there was no response—no movement to show we had been seen or heard.

"You have brought me to the wrong place—there must be another ford," I said, crossly.

"There is another ford, but it is only used in the rains. We will have to drive back to the place at which we changed horses, and from there take another road," he replied, with unabated good humour.

"Why, that will be nearly half-way back!" I said, and some alarm began to mingle with my vexation and fatigue. I wondered if the wretch had made the mistake on purpose, for some reason of his own.

"Well, Memsahib! what do you intend to do, you cannot remain here all day? and I and my horse must certainly get back," he answered independently.

"You will take the horse out of the shafts for a quarter of an hour's rest, and by that time I will have decided what to do," I said, sternly; and then taking my dog and my revolver walked down the bank and gazed disconsolately at the grim, silent Fort. Of course there was nothing for it but to go back, and I was so tired, and hot and hungry, and just on the verge of tears, when "Spot" began to bark furiously; then there was some shouting and trampling from our left in the dense jungle, grass, and brambles, and soon after, to my joy and relief, a *sowar* (Native trooper) appeared; he saluted me silently and turned on my now sulky driver a volley of abuse in *Pashloo*, which I fortunately did not understand, then explained to me:

"This ford has not been used for months, Memsahib! I do not know what the fool meant by bringing you here. We have been hunting right and left for you since eight o'clock, and the Sahib has now ridden towards Peshawur

to see if you have been delayed on the road."

"Well, how am I to reach the right *ghat* now? The driver tells me we should have to go nearly half-way back before we come upon the other road."

"That is true," he said, thoughtfully, and then exploded again in the direction of my late driver; but I interrupted his eloquence by asking if I could not go back the way he had come?

"There is no road, and it is about a mile and a-half or two miles; I had to leave my horse behind," he said, looking down at my thin shoes doubtfully.

But I decided for the mile and half of walking rather than the seven or eight miles of driving, and we set forth in single file. Such a weary, hot, dusty, scramble as it was! When we arrived at the little cluster of huts where the trooper had left his horse and his companion, I felt too dead beat to stand or sit, or even think, and flinging myself down, just resigned the situation to the *sowars*. They were equal to the occasion, and procured me some milk which I could not touch; however, having paid for the milk and the little earthen vessel that contained it, my "Spot" soon lapped it up. Then, after much talking and some threatening, my troopers got a little string bed which they swung on to a stout bamboo, and in this I was carried the remaining half mile by a couple of sturdy villagers. I had but a dim recollection of meeting my husband and the remainder of the escort, of crossing the river or getting to the Fort itself. I just remember stumbling up some stone steps into a deliciously cool room where a table was laid for breakfast, and in the far corner of which stood an inviting-looking sofa. I made straight for that sofa, and in a few seconds was dead asleep, sleeping on till late in the afternoon.

For a couple of days I confined my explorations to the interior of the Fort. At one time it must have held a fairly large garrison, as there were furnished quarters all round the square; but the uninhabited rooms had such a gloomy, ghastly aspect, that after my first visit I never went into them again. In the courtyard there was what looked at first sight like an attempt at a garden, but

on closer inspection proved to be a tiny cemetery, and every man who lay buried there had come to an untimely end. One was the grave of a Fort commander who had been cut down by villagers whilst out shooting. The others were those unfortunate men of the 10th Hussars who had been drowned while trying to cross the Kabul river, some few

objects I resolved to get further away from the Fort, where the broken ground would hide my modest attempts from the sentries and grinning troopers. I was really getting to be quite a fair shot, when one morning my husband came in from the orderly-room with rather a grave face, and told me I must on no account go out of sight of the Fort again



"MRS. H. HAD MET HIM ONCE"

of whose bodies had been recovered from that river which was flowing beneath us and looking so innocent and harmless just now, but which would become a roaring, raging torrent when the snow melted in the hills, or the rains flooded it.

For a few mornings "Spot" and I wandered about the banks, and I went in for a little revolver practice, but finding how bad I was at hitting even fair-sized

without an escort. There had been a little fighting between different villages, and while the feud was on it would be unsafe.

"You know a Pathan will shoot an enemy or pot at an inoffensive stranger with the same easy indifference!"

"But isn't it considered a disgrace for them to shoot a woman?" I asked.

"True, but they might kidnap you and shoot your dog; at any rate, there

would be a deuce of a row if anything of that sort happened. I have some fine old Sikhs here, who would be only too glad of any excuse to go for the Pathans. So you must either keep near the Fort or have your revolver shooting in the evening, when I can come with you."

It was most provoking when I went out for my morning stroll to be dogged by two dear old Sikhs, so I gave up my shooting.

In the evening we used to either ride or drive or walk, mostly walk, as then "Spot" could accompany us and could plunge into all sorts of jungle or broken ground where there was not even the suspicion of a pathway. We returned home comfortably tired and had dinner out on the rampart, where we were occasionally lucky enough to feel a faint lukewarm breeze over the water, and could look out over the low-lying strange-shaped hills on the one side and the silent flowing river on the other, while below us the men made cheerful music over their evening meal, laughing, chattering, singing; at any rate we could not have been any better off in Nowshera.

Our first fortnight was uneventful enough, then came a little difficulty about provisions. Our table servant, though a good Mahometan, had contrived to make himself objectionable to the villagers who had hitherto supplied us with fowls, fresh eggs, and milk, and they refused to sell him anything more, and threatened to break his head if he again made his appearance there. Our portly *khansama* had had his dignity ruffled by the same men a week before, and our only other personal servant was a Hindoo. So, by the advice of the Native Officer, who had done several tours of the outpost forts, we waited a day or two in hopes the supplies would be brought into the Fort. When they did not come, and we were reduced to porridge and a tin of sardines for one whole day, we resolved to sell our village and go and get our own supplies from Fort Shubkhudar, where a mart was held twice a week. We started off next morning in our little bamboo cart, with a mounted escort, my husband driving and I carrying a loaded revolver ready

for any emergency, though truth compels me to admit that even a stationary haystack would have been perfectly safe from my jolting aim. However, we arrived at Fort Shubkhudar without any adventures, and were warmly welcomed by Colonel and Mrs. H. It was a larger Fort with a larger garrison, and in addition to the Colonel and his family the medical officer was also quartered there, and they actually had a tennis court and a kitchen garden down on the river bank and under shelter of the Fort walls. We spent a very lively day, my hostess regaling me with numerous ghost stories; amongst others there was one ghost who came in the twilight and meandered about with his head under his arm, haunting the stairs and landings chiefly. Mrs. H. had met him once, and in her terror she fell down the stairs and sprained her ankle. My suggestion that one of the servants may have removed his turban on account of the heat, and so gave her the impression of being headless, was very coldly received.

Poor Mrs. H., separated from her children to lighten her husband's exile! I can well imagine how years of that solitary, monotonous existence would play strange freaks with her nerves. It was easy for me to take things lightly, who had gone out there in an experimental humour and for a limited period.

We drove back in the cool of the evening with our cart laden with supplies—amongst other things some loudly-protesting fowls; and I did wonder that some lurking Pathan did not shoot at us for the sake of the "loot."

We had quite an adventure a few days later, when we had gone further than usual for our evening stroll, and I begged for a few minutes' rest before we began our return journey. We sat down on some high ground overlooking the river and began to throw stones for "Spot" to retrieve, when, from behind some bushes, a little group of nude small boysemerged noiselessly and watched the dog with interest. Unfortunately my "Spot" had a rooted antipathy to all brown faces unless they were dressed in uniform, and brown boys were his pet aversion, so he gave chase, barking furiously. The children scattered and fled, all but one small boy, who fell and

lay screaming with terror while "Spot" snarled and snapped around him. Of course I went to the rescue, and lifting the little chap up, tried to soothe him in my best Hindustani, of which he probably did not understand one word; but he stopped screaming and looked at me with wild, shy eyes, making no attempt to run after his companions. Then I made "Spot" sit up and beg his pardon, at which he laughed out suddenly, and as suddenly, as though conjured up by the laugh, an armed Pathan stood within ten paces of me.

The escort had him covered instantly, and called out to him to halt and state his business.

He gave my husband quite a military salute, and told us in guttural Hindustani that he was the headman of the neighbouring village, and hearing the Sahib was so near, he had come to pay his respects and offer his hospitality; he was also father of the boy, and he pointed with an amiable grin to the little chap who now clung to my skirts quite confidently and demanded more tricks from "Spot."

Several other Pathans now appeared on the scene, and it struck me that, if their intentions were not peaceable, we were in rather a hole. My husband addressed some remarks to them in *Pashtoo*, which appeared to delight them, and they gathered round closer, making me feel horribly nervous.

Our two Sikhs also closed in, and ordered them to keep their distance, at which they laughed good-humouredly, but obeyed. The headman again asked us to visit his village, and promised to lead us back to the Fort by a short cut. My husband told them to lead on and we would follow; and while throwing out occasional chaffing remarks in *Pashtoo*, he contrived to tell me, "If they offer you anything to eat or drink, accept it—the rule of hospitality is about the only rule these treacherous hounds have any respect for."



"THE CHILDREN SCATTERED AND FLED"

So, going in Indian file, the Pathans leading, my husband following, and I between him and the escort, with the child still clinging to me, we started for the village. Arriving there, we were offered sherbet and sweetmeats, and I was an object of frank unbounded curiosity to all the inhabitants. It was disconcerting, and I made haste to sip my sherbet, and urged my husband to get away soon. When we started, we were followed by quite half-a-dozen Pathans, our host among the number, who explained that an ambuscade had been prepared for us by the inhabitants of another village, but he would take us back by another road and avoid them. I did not understand what had been said, and wondered at my husband allowing so many reckless, dare-devil men to accompany us. We looked more like prisoners than four guests being honourably escorted out of a friendly village. However, neither he nor the two men of our escort seemed to have any fears or suspicions; so I also put on as jaunty an air as I could, and stepped out with

them. We were much later than usual, and had not proceeded far when a small body of horsemen dashed round a corner and challenged us. They were our own men, come in search of us. As we were so late, and many stray Pathans had been seen loitering about aimlessly all the afternoon, the Native Officer had become anxious. So with many thanks and good wishes we parted with our undesired escort, and were taken home in triumph.

"I think we just missed making a chapter in history!" my husband said. "That chap meant us a mischief, but his little lad's devotion to you changed the situation; then he forced the hands of his young men by giving us public hospitality. But, of course, I may be wrong."

It did not seem as though he had been far wrong in his surmise, for the next evening, just as we were sitting down to dinner, there was a great shouting and commotion, and a solitary horseman clattered into the Fort. It was the Doctor from Shubkhudar. He had been attending to some broken heads at the very village of our adventure, and had come on to beg for dinner, as he happened to be so near us.

Of course we were pleased to see him, and begged of him to remain the night; but he refused, and laughed at our suggestion of an escort.

"I am pretty well known about here; besides, a doctor is considered somewhat sacred, as he is useful in mending up broken heads and limbs. They are a queer lot, and have no regard for human life; will shoot an enemy or a relative with the same indifference if he happened to be in the way; but the doctor comes and patches up and says nothing about it, or the headman would lose the money he receives from Government for keeping his village in order. So the doctor goes free. Those chaps last night had some difference of opinion, and fought amongst themselves, but no lives lost."

And the little man clattered out as noisily as he had come in, sparing neither himself nor his horse.

Our last week was dreary and monotonous to a degree; even our reading gave out, our only literature being the *Civil and Military Gazette*, and we were reduced to studying the advertisements in that. Then the heat became more and more oppressive, and we had had more than enough of our Frontier Fort.

We expected to leave on the 1st June, but the calm young man who came to relieve us did not turn up till the evening of the 2nd. We all dined together, and started immediately after dinner, driving into Peshawur in our own bamboo cart, having sent one horse off two days before to meet us half-way.







RAFAEL

## *From the Sunny South :*

### I.—THE MADONNAS OF FLORENCE.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX. ILLUSTRATED BY SNAP-SHOTS.

#### THE SUNNY SOUTH.

To the majority of English people who, with the approach of winter, fly from fog, frost and rain, in search of sunshine, the annual visit to the South of Europe is a period of abnormal expense. True it is that the unfortunate tweed-suited Briton is considered by every unprincipled foreigner a fat pigeon sent by Providence to be plucked ; but this is entirely the fault of the Briton himself. Living as I do alternately in Tuscany and on the Riviera, I have frequently had opportunity for testing the feeling of the people towards the inquisitive British tourist. It is no exaggeration to say that the very word "Englishman" is, to an Italian, synonymous with unlimited wealth,

hence it is that the crowds of my felt-hatted countrymen who yearly sweep through Pisa, Florence, Siena, and other Tuscan cities are charged double for everything they purchase and every service rendered them. The people of the Sunny South are, alas ! utterly devoid of conscience.

#### WHY BE SWINDLED ?

In few shops throughout quaint old Tuscany is there any fixed price. When one lives among these people, whose chief profit is made from the wandering foreigner, one soon learns, however, how to treat them. The maxim which every traveller in Italy should ever bear in mind is "never pay what is demanded." The Italian always asks a price which he

does not expect you will pay, and is absolutely surprised if you, with child-like simplicity, accede to his extortionate demand. If you enter a shop to purchase some article, the shopkeeper, detecting by your accent that you are not Tuscan, will at once demand double. In reply, you offer half, whereupon he raises his shoulders to his ears and with exquisite politeness declares that it cost him much more. You express regret, tell him that in England they don't tax mineral waters as they do in Italy, or something to that effect, and leave the shop. Before you have taken a dozen steps the crafty tradesman, seeing his mistake, overtakes you and begs you to accept the article at your own price. In Italy shopping is truly an amusement.

The Englishman who takes a house in A LAND OF UNCERTAINTIES. Italy, of course, places upon himself a heavy responsibility. He must, within a certain number of hours, hand in at the Palazzo Comunale a statement as to who was his grandfather, how old his cook is, and where his housemaid was last in service. He may, however, when



PERUGINO



SASSOFERRATI

this chronicle of family affairs is complete, congratulate himself that he will in future pay no income-tax, and that the state of the Italian Treasury is such that when he draws the harmless but extremely necessary cheque upon his London bank he will profit by exchange to the tune of nearly half-a-crown upon every sovereign. This is a fact which should not be overlooked by those of an economical turn of mind. On the other hand, the new resident at once becomes acquainted with a postal system which seems regulated by the law of chances. Personally, I have complained many times of the irregularity of my letters from England, my daily newspapers arriving in bunches after long intervals of cessation; but a few weeks ago the height of irresponsibility was reached when, on entering the post-office, an official handed me a letter, observing: "I believe this is for the Signore." I took it, and found that it was. It had been posted in London exactly *one year and eight days* before being delivered to me! I remonstrated, whereupon the bland postmaster, with that ineffable politeness which is so exasperating in Italy, chewed his cigarette and answered: "The Signore has received his letter. What more?"



MURILLO

THE ITALIAN  
CABMAN.

The Tuscan, if you have not learned the art of vanquishing him, will rob you smilingly, and treat your anger as a huge joke. I once had a cabman, in the days when Tuscany was comparatively new ground to me, and his conduct will well illustrate the manner in which his genus regard the Englishman. This man, Egisto by name, a true type of lazy out-at-elbow Tuscan, who smoked eternally a very long and extremely rank cigar, was introduced to me as an excellent fellow. For months I employed him, as in the sun-glare of summer one cannot walk very far; but little did I dream that he would overcharge me. One day, however, by mere chance I discovered in a friend's house a table of cab-fares, and to my dismay saw that I had been paying always double. Egisto was outside, therefore I called him in and gave him a sound rating. To my dismay the fellow only grinned from ear to ear and answered: "Certainly, you have every reason to complain. But how was Egisto to know that the English Signore would remain here always?"

AMONG THE  
MADONNAS.

There are times when I desire a change from my writing table and the sapphire Mediterranean lapping gently outside my study window. Then I invariably take a trip to Florence. By an outlay of a few francs on a railway ticket, I can rub shoulders with a most interesting crowd of my fellow-countrymen, either in the Duomo of Pisa or in the galleries of Florence. I confess to be fond of visiting the world-famed Madonnas in the Pitti and the Uffizi, partly because of the genius displayed in those time-dimmed pictures, but perhaps more on account of the remarkable medley of men and women who pass hourly before them, "Baedeker" in hand. In those wonderful galleries, where hang the most priceless art collections in all the world, I have heard a Cookite exclaim in the English of the Mile End Road: "It ain't no better than the Nash'nal Gelliry, Bill," and "I don't think much o' the bloomin' Arno!" And this before the wonderful Madonnas of Florence, the greatest pictures on earth! 'Arry in Florence is indeed a strange, incongruous spectacle. Many times have I



GUIDO RENI

been amused at the homely criticism of my fellow-countrymen, and country-women too, as, wearing a broad-brimmed felt hat of Italian shape, I have rested on the various frayed settees watching the stream of "personally-conducted" pass, and listened to that beloved language, my own English, which, alas! I so very seldom hear spoken. The Madonnas of Florence are a life study; the strange veiling of Botticelli, the sombre colouring of Perugino, the brilliancy of Correggio, and the wonderful flesh tints and expression of Andrea del Sarto—all are entrancing to the lover of art, just as all these cosmopolitan sight-seers are useful to the student of human character.

The *pensions* of Florence, where gather THE HOT-WATER DRINKERS. those old ladies who, living abroad for economy, drift in summer up to the baths of Lucca, Abetone, Vallombrosa, or Viareggio, and who make the Lily City their winter quarters, afford wide fields of study to those interested in the ways of the aristocratic needy. I have sat at the *table d'hôte* at more than one *pension* on the Lungarno, where, wine not being included, my neighbours have drunk hot water with their lunch instead of healthy Chianti; and I have seen old gentlemen lap up bread and milk for their midday meal. The antique and beautiful city, indeed, seems nowadays to be the headquarters of a most remarkable collection of my compatriots. "How strange these English are!" remarked a companion of mine, an Italian advocate, the other day. "I have never," he added, "seen such people in London. Where do they come



BOTTICELLI

from?" I was compelled to admit that I knew not. The remarkable touring specimens of all nationalities which the calm onlooker sees gazing up at the castellated Palazzo Vecchio, at Mrs. Barrett Browning's house, or at Michael Angelo's wonderful statue of "David," strolling in the Loggia dei Lanzi, or abstractedly admiring the Medici Venus in the Uffizi, are unequalled in all the world. Little wonder is it, therefore, that the Florentine holds the English

tripper in such small esteem, for while one class have even been too lavish in their tips and too reckless in the expenses they incur, the other, that frigid set of hot-water drinkers at *pensions*, are, on



RAPHAEL

the other hand, too mean. To command the Tuscan's respect one must be extremely careful of one's purse. If you are too lavish he will dub you a brainless Englishman, and at once commence the most barefaced imposition; while if you pay only what is absolutely just, he will hold you in respect as a person of sense and worthy of esteem.

The fact is that the THE "DARNED "darned foreigner" is FOREIGNER." a very much more acute and crafty person than the traveller takes him to be. No man in the whole world is gifted with such a quick and keen insight into character as the average Italian, and no person is so amazingly clever at discerning the prey whom he may swindle. In Tuscany, where half the people live by labour and the other half upon their wits, this is not at all surprising. It is a land of suave dishonesty, this bankrupt kingdom, where they sell screws of salt at the tobacco-stalls of theatres, where marquises and counts with ancient titles are glad enough to live on a couple



ANDREA DEL SARTO



CORREGGIO

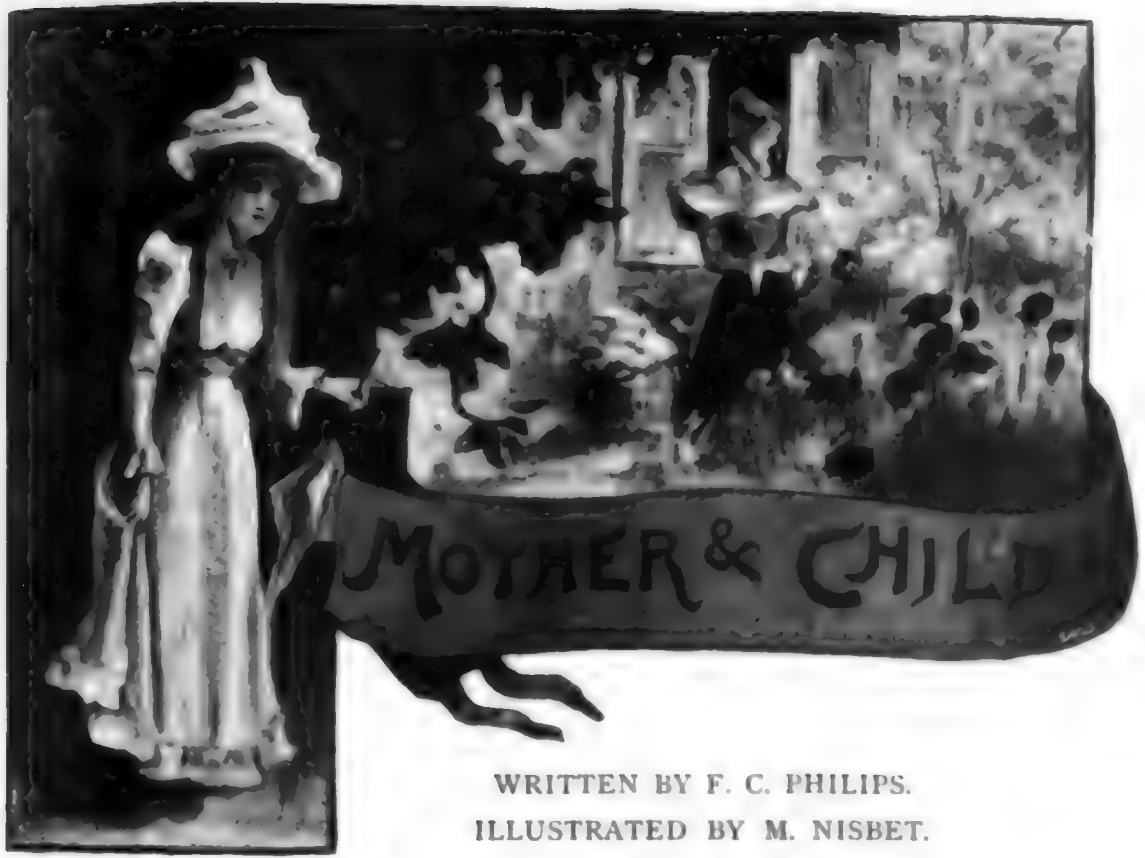
of shillings a day, where even princes, the rulers of cities in mediæval times, actually advertise their wares in the daily prints, and where bagmen call upon one and leave their card bearing a coronet. Italy is of a verity a country full of quaint anomalies, known only to those who actually live there, for the tourist never sees them. Yet there is a gay, devil-may-care, nonchalant air with it all which soon endears the people to one's heart. When one knows the Italian one loves him, and laughs at his careless impudence and imperturbable effrontery. At first, however, I must admit that he is a trifle provoking, for his is a topsyturvy country, where, if one wants a thing done, it is certain to be done the wrong way.

TO MY  
READERS.

As a conclusion to these notes I may add that, at request of the Editor of THE LUD-

GATE, I propose continuing them monthly, and to any who desire information upon the Sunny South, or hints as to life there, I shall be pleased to answer them if they address their correspondence to me, *viâ* the Editor.





WRITTEN BY F. C. PHILIPS.  
ILLUSTRATED BY M. NISBET.

**I**T was, I am fain to confess, a piece of sentimentality of which I was ashamed, while I made no effort to withstand the temptation. At forty-one I was committing an action for which the average undergraduate would have felt nothing but scorn, yet my pulses throbbed, and the dead days, resuscitated by my memory, bloomed again with all the fragrance that had intoxicated me when I was but twenty years of age, and she had been sixteen.

I had found myself by chance quite near the place—that is to say, I was little more than half-an-hour's railway journey from it—and the recollection of all I had suffered there in “that beautiful time when I was so unhappy” had drawn me towards it irresistibly. I did not struggle; it was, I told myself, fatuous to go; but I did not struggle, I understood that it was a fatuity to which I was predestined to yield.

How my heart leaped as the little

jog-trot train deposited me at last beside the well-remembered platform! Few changes had been effected in the station, or I at least failed to observe many. It was almost identical with my remembrance of it, and, declining the solicitations of the belated fly-driver outside, I made my way up the familiar dusty hill on foot. A fly! I would not have driven here for worlds! My youth came down that hill to meet me, and with every step I took a fresh memory of Lilian revived in my mind; trifles long since forgotten sprang back to me as thickly as the hawthorn clustered on the wayside hedges. I was twenty years old once more, and we loved, and her father called us fools, and I was sent away to London—solitude—despair.

Ah, exquisite period of agony! *On revient toujours à nos premières amours*—in sympathy with the boy who had once been myself, I was miserable now!

But it was a divine misery. I forgot

that Lily, even if she lived in Three-gates still, would be middle-aged and stout. I thought of her always as I had seen her last in a muslin frock and a straw hat with cornflowers in it, with her hair hanging down her back; almost I expected every minute to see her so. At every chance footfall I would catch myself turning, and I protest that when I presently did detect a girl in a muslin frock advancing, my heart leapt as absurdly for an instant as if the intervening years had been but a week.

I laughed at my own folly, and, repeating the epithet which her father had once applied to me, continued my steps abstractedly. When I looked up again the girl in the muslin frock was much nearer. More, she wore a straw hat with cornflowers in it, and her hair—her hair was loose as Lilian's had been! What coincidence was this?

My heart, which had already played me so many ridiculous pranks, now appeared to stand still altogether.

Still closer together we drew; her features became discernible, and I saw it was Lilian herself coming down the hill in the muslin frock and the flower-decked hat—Lilian whom I had adored.

She lifted her eyes as we met, and then the explanation struck me; I was looking at my old love's child. This was Lilian's daughter.

I could not pass her; I paused and spoke.

"Pray forgive me," I said, "but could you direct me to a house called 'Dovedale?'"

"Dovedale!" she echoed wonderingly. "Oh, no."

She had answered me in Lily's voice.

"I knew it well once," I said, "but I am a stranger in Three-gates now."

"You cannot mean—? My mother lived in a house called 'Dovedale' when she was a girl, but it has long since been pulled down—oh, long ago."

"That was the house I speak of. I wonder if you ever heard your mother mention my name—it is Armitage."

"Yes," she said, "I think I have."

"And is she living in Three-gates still?" I asked. "I should like to see her, if I may."

She replied in the affirmative once

more. "I will show you the way, if you wish."

I thanked her, and, turning with me, she made her way home as my guide.

No words can describe my sensations as she talked to me. With Lily's tones she sauntered beside me. I seemed under the enchantment of a dream.

"May I ask your name?" I enquired.

"It is Dora."

"Dora—what?" said I.

"Oh, Dora Marshall. Did you not know mamma after she married?"

I shook my head.

"Your father is living?"

"No, sir, he died four years ago."

I felt very old when she called me "sir."

"Pray forgive my question. You do not think me rude?"

"Oh, no, sir."

It was, besides, unnecessary, since she was certainly nineteen.

"I have not met your mother since she was younger than yourself."

"Really!" she exclaimed, surprised.

"She is in good health, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, she is perfectly well, thank you."

"And have you any brothers or sisters?"

"I am the only child."

A little silence fell. My persistent interrogatories I feared were ill-bred. Again I said to her:

"I am afraid you must assuredly think me a very rude person?"

She smiled. "Why should I?"

"I enquire about so much."

"I don't mind. Go on, pray. I will answer."

"Well," I said. "I will only ask this time if you live far away?"

"It will take us about half-an-hour."

Somehow I was glad to hear it. There was a charm about this singular *tête-à-tête* I was pleased to have prolonged. The first to speak again was she.

"My mother and I live in a little house on the cricket-field. You know the cricket-field, perhaps?"

"Where the cricket-field stood in my time," I answered, "we passed a large white building, five minutes since, which I took to be the Town Hall."

"How strange!" she exclaimed.

"And sad," I added.

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"Yes," she assented. "I suppose changes have their sadness; forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive. You yourself are too young to have seen many."

beautiful than Lilian had been; I was forced to admit the fact. There was less frivolity in her face; the eyes were graver.

"Talk to me some more!" I begged.



"'MAMMA,' SAID DORA, 'THIS GENTLEMAN HAS COME TO SEE YOU'."

"Even the young may feel," said Lily's daughter.

I was not the man to dispute it.

There was a pause again. I glanced at her thoughtfully. She was more

"What shall I say?"

"Talk to me of yourself, if you will."

"I thought it was of my mother you wished to converse," she murmured.

Was there a touch of coquetry in the



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answer. Her eyes were cast down—I could not tell.

"May I not be interested also in your mother's daughter?"

"Whom you have just met for the first time."

"It does not seem so to me," I averred.

"I recognised you before I spoke."

"Because mamma was so like me?"

This continual obtrusion of her mother into the matter annoyed me. It was irrelevant, unnecessary.

"You like Threegates, Miss Marshall," I enquired. "Do you ever go to town?"

"Very seldom," she answered, "and then only for a few days. We know no one there, and we both find it dull."

"I hope next time you come to see something of you," I said. "I live there all the year round, and your

presence would be an immense treat to me. I could show you a few of the things that are worth seeing—the theatres, the pictures; it might be very jolly."

"I think mamma would be very pleased," she said politely.

Again her mother! *Toujours per-drix!*

"And you yourself?" I asked, "Would you be bored?"

"I haven't tried it," she replied. "I shouldn't think so."

"Let me trust you will give it a trial. What is this?"

"This is it," she laughed. "Pray enter."

We had come to a little garden-gate, and in the garden beyond a fair and foolish-looking woman stood picking



"I SAT UNDER THE LABURNUM TREE, AND DRANK TEA WITH LILIAN"

geraniums. I was sorry the walk was over.

"Mamma," said Dora, "this gentleman has come to see you."

I introduced myself with composure; she welcomed me with calm. The romance of a life was shattered as she put out her hand.

"Let me give you some tea," she said. "Dora, will you tell Susan to bring out the tea, dear?"

I sat under the laburnum tree, and drank tea with Lilian. Dora also drank tea. Lilian spoke, and I answered her. Complex and diverse emotions that I could not analyse agitated me. Without

the hat and cornflowers the girl was even lovelier. I found my gaze constantly straying towards her. I was not myself—it had been an exciting day—and when at length I rose to take my leave, it was with a sensation of regret which I refused absolutely to define.

"Since you are staying in the neighbourhood, we shall hope to see you often again," said Lilian.

Dora said nothing; she bent over the tea-things. I knew she bent over the tea-things, because I looked at her as I answered.

"Thank you very much," I said; "I will come to-morrow, if I may?"



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